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FEBRUARY 28, 1986

MARIO AND THE MAFIA
—See page 62

NATIONAL REVIEW

REDISCOVERING A FOREIGN POLICY

Is the Democratic Party Coming Out of It?

Frank Gregorsky

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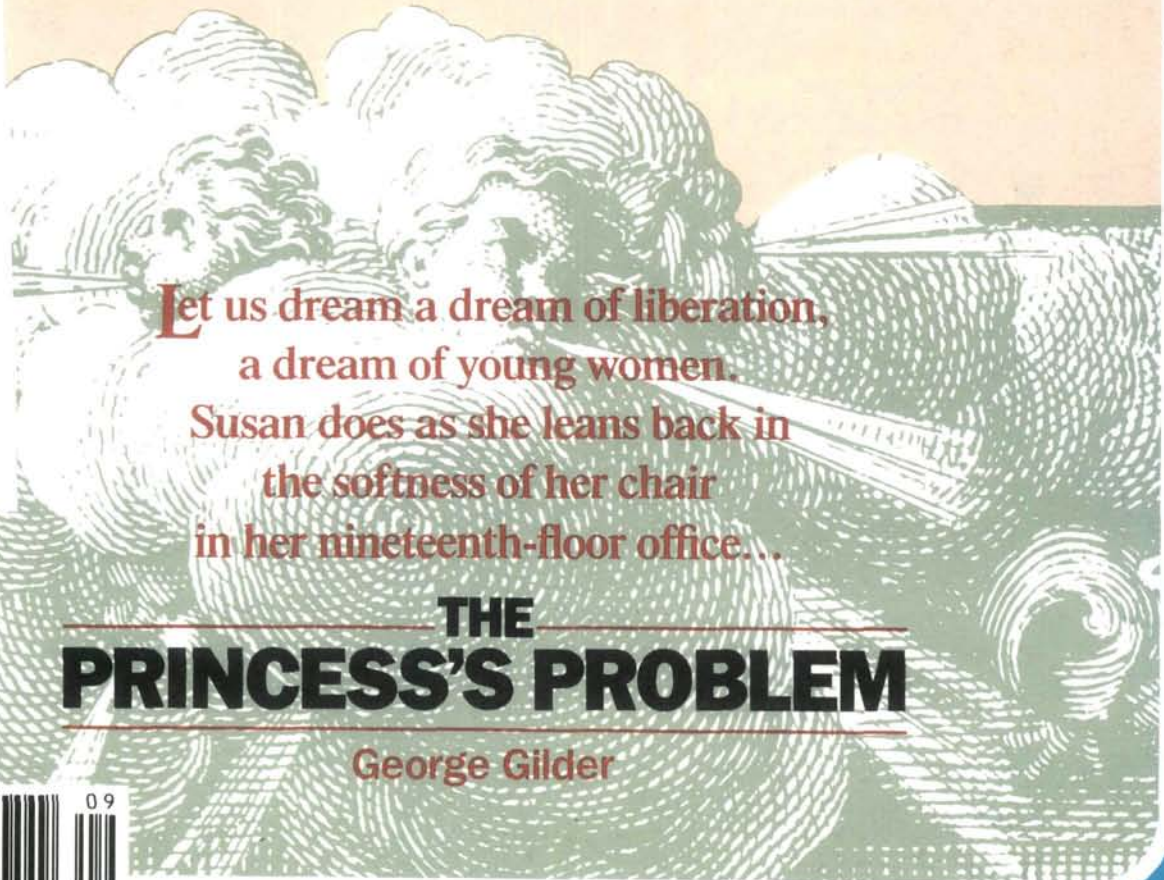

Let us dream a dream of liberation,
a dream of young women.
Susan does as she leans back in
the softness of her chair
in her nineteenth-floor office...

THE PRINCESS'S PROBLEM

George Gilder

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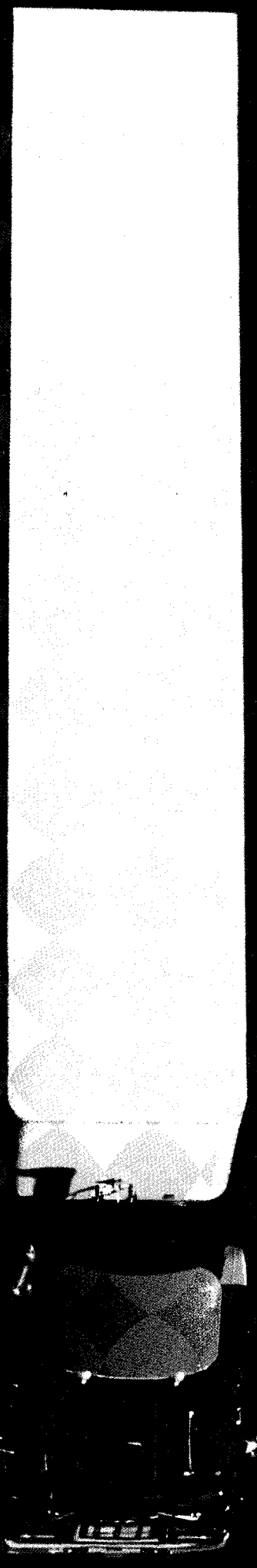

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Safety is Our Driving Concern

The American Trucking Associations Foundation, I

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LETTERS

Counter-Reformation

Thanks to Richard Brookhiser for demystifying military reform ["Rescuing the Military," Feb. 14]. I was struck by the fact that many of the reformers want to abolish the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Yes, the JCS has engaged in a lot of intra-service rivalry that has not, on the whole, contributed to the national defense, but the JCS performs a useful role in maintaining the integrity of the different services, and rivalry is inevitable when a mighty military force, led by talented, ambitious men, is amassed to defend a nation at peace. The question should not be how the JCS performs in time of peace, but how it would function in time of war.

Nicholas MacElroy
Floral Park, N.Y.

Summa cum Law

I congratulate Joseph Sobran on his "Pensées" [Dec. 31], but he must be taken to task for his distinction between "law" and "command" on pp. 28-29. St. Thomas, in his *Summa*, rightly recognizes the command as one of the species of law, along with prohibition, permission, and punishment.

While laws can be negative in form, such as "Thou shalt not kill," they also can be positive, such as "Honor thy father and thy mother." As conservatives, we must defend the proper meaning of law to encompass all these aspects. Human law, as a product of reason, is essentially positive. "Thou shalt not kill" can be interpreted in a positive sense as well as a negative, ending in respect for life at all levels rather than simply not killing.

The commands of law do not go against the idea of liberty, as they are based on reason. It is the free man who knows how to reason, and who respects his practical reason as something with the power to legislate.

Kenneth Colombini
Santa Rosa, Calif.

If your 30th Anniversary Issue influences just one young person today as your 25th Anniversary Issue of five years ago influenced me, then he or she is off on a marvelous adventure in discovering the conservative idea.

Five years ago, your anniversary issue presented names quite unknown to me then: Paul Elmer More, Friedrich Hayek, Richard Weaver, Russell Kirk, Michael Oakeshott, John Lukacs, Joseph Sobran. I sent myself packing to the library to find out what this was all about.

Once there, I was thrilled to the core by what I had found. Each discovery led to another. What a thrilling experience it was! And what a joy to know that, for someone else, the same rewarding journey has just begun.

William J. Turgeon
Baltimore, Md.

Gold Diggers

In your November 1 issue, an item appeared in "The Week" dealing with the deadly Kolyma gold-mining concentration camps in northeastern Siberia where, for years, the Soviets have used slave labor (read: prisoner miners) to produce their much-needed gold.

However, a disturbing statement found its way into the otherwise informative text of this paragraph: "some five to seven million slave laborers died in the camps between 1931 and 1957, almost all of them unassimilable non-Russian nationalists." Why, may I ask, were the *Russian* prisoners so blatantly left out of the picture? In the tragic and disturbing history of Soviet labor camps and prisons, it is against Russian men and women that the heavy hand of terror and repression fell most brutally. The Kolyma gold-mining camps of death are no exception, although the non-Russian nationalities were most certainly represented among the half-million prisoners (a conservative estimate) who populated Kolyma at any one time.

Nadja Jernakoff
President
Association of Russian-American Scholars in the U.S.A.
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Geraldine Who?

I have often been troubled by *NR*'s mischievous comments about the Catholic Church and especially the American bishops. The recent editorial "And Now the Methodists" ["The Week," Jan. 31] claims that the bishops' "asinine statements about nuclear weapons and about the economy have succeeded in making it difficult for many Catholics to attend Mass in good conscience."

It is one thing to criticize in charity

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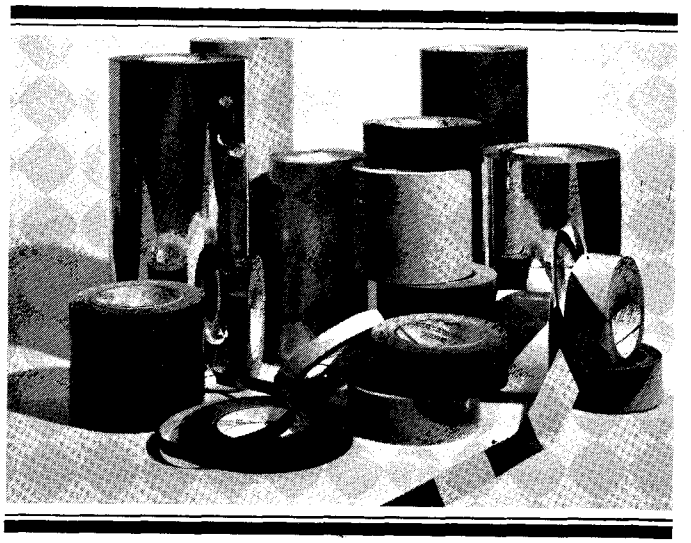

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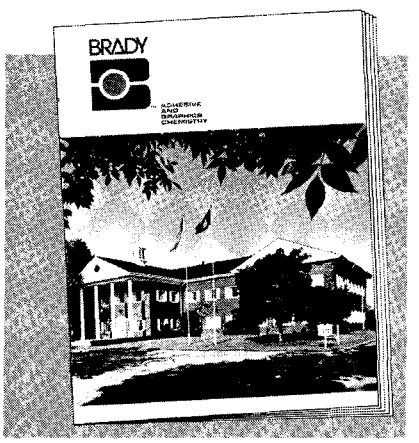

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and quite another to attack the bishops in a mean-spirited way. Worst of all is the suggestion that a Catholic who loves his Church and her teachings would deny himself participation in the Eucharist because he disagrees with opinions expressed in the bishops' pastorals. When you presume to ridicule our bishops and encourage divisiveness, you are practicing the same sort of selective loyalty to the Church for which Geraldine Ferraro was so rightly criticized.

Lisa D. Jacobs
Chapel Hill, N.C.

War over Population

Jacqueline Kasun expresses amazement that a reviewer for a conservative journal would express doubts about the work of an economist ["Letters," Feb. 14]. Nowhere in my review of her book did I confess to "deep distrust of economists and all their works." However, I am indeed skeptical about the work of a professor of economics who wishes us to base public policy upon a variety of untestable propositions.

The relationship between population growth and economic productivity is not as clear-cut as Professor Kasun would suggest. Most observers would agree that Hong Kong has long enjoyed a special status as a British colony. Japan, Korea, Taiwan, Singapore, and Malaysia are all countries where the government plays a key role in economic decision-making. Japan, like Singapore, has opted for population stability and rigorously excludes aliens. On the other hand, we have West Germany, where the *Wirtschaftswunder* is back on track while the native population is in serious decline. Haiti, Kenya, and Nigeria are countries with high rates of population growth, where the government plays little role in the national economy. Yet economic performance remains poor.

Professor Kasun's book is unfortunately representative of a school of thought that has been made welcome in certain conservative circles. Here, men tend to be viewed not as participants in and contributors to a culture, but, generally, as economic growth blobs.

Wayne Lutton
Manitou Springs, Colo.

Thriller in Manila

I congratulate you on your recent editorials on events in the Philippines ["The Week," Nov. 15 and 29]. However, your *Götterdämmerung* script is overdrawn. Anyone who knows the Philippines knows that Wagner plays to empty houses here. But Filipinos love Verdi. You ignore the fun the Filipinos will

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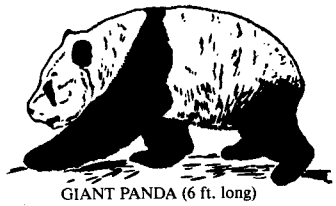

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have with their election exercise. Dramatics, *sí*—drama, hardly. Second, you lack perspective. For those of us more familiar with the local scene, the phrase "*déjà vu*" calls up visions not of Iran or Nicaragua, but of the Philippines in 1950-51, when, at night, traffic ended at the gates of Forbes Park, the plush suburb of Manila. The Huks controlled the areas beyond.

Foreign media (and some diplomats) often fail to perceive that the Philippines is not Iran, Nicaragua, or El Salvador. There are many differences, but one is enough to make the point: Where else do several million people belong to a movement to request re-incorporation in the United States?

These recent editorials failed, also, to continue *NR*'s previous concentration on the genuine threat: Cronyism and corruption in the armed services are widespread, and if the NPA ever succeeds in meting out greater justice than the AFP and the Philippine courts, all bets are off. The basic problem, however, is cultural, hence endemic rather than a Marcos creation, and hence can only be alleviated, not solved. The NPA happily suffers from the same weakness.

Some of us are still betting that the Philippines will stagger through this crisis, as it has through several others since independence. If the culture seldom produces a Lancelot, in compensation it also gives birth to no Lenins. It encourages little civic virtue, but much civility.

Lewis E. Gleeck Jr.
Editor & Curator
American Historical Collection
Manila, The Philippines

Last Word?

Dr. Turco falsely claims that I made an error of a "cool factor of 100,000" regarding SSTs, in my analysis of "nuclear winter" ["Letters," Jan. 31].

On December 18 I read to him the passage on SSTs from the transcript of my remarks on "nuclear winter," revealing that I neither said nor implied what he alleges. It was clear to him that Sparks had misquoted my statements on this subject. Yet he persists in repeating his charges in his letter. This is unconscionable.

Further, in a less than honorable attempt to diminish my credibility, Dr. Turco denied my affiliation with Harvard in his letter, although he had in hand a hard copy of my university appointment weeks before his letter was published.

Dr. Turco's disregard of documented facts adds to the suspicion which I, Professor Rathjens of MIT, and others have voiced regarding where science leaves off on "nuclear winter" and polemical disregard for the facts begins.

Russell Seitz
Center for International Affairs
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Eggxactly

Mr. John Hutchinson ["Letters," Dec. 31] may be right about a presidential envoy to South Africa, but he is quite wrong about what he terms "a vicar's egg."

It's a *curate's* egg, and the story is not about husbandly indulgence, but about groveling too far. The expression arose from a *Punch* cartoon of many years ago. The bishop and his haughty wife, another lady (perhaps the bishop's daughter?), and the curate are at breakfast. A butler and a serving maid hover in the background. The caption reads:

RT. REV. HOST: "I'm afraid you've got a bad egg, Mr. Jones!"

CURATE: "Oh no, my lord, I assure you! Parts of it are excellent!"

Alison Douglas Knox
Philadelphia, Pa.

William F. Buckley, Jr.

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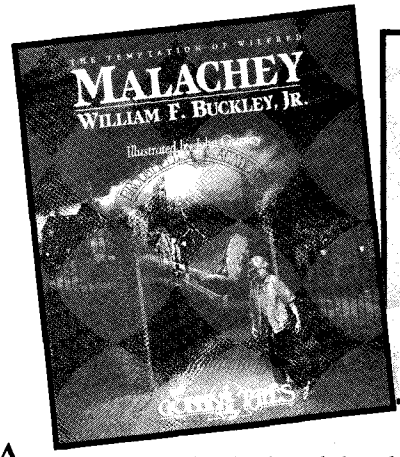

JAN LUKAS

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329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. (*Digital*—London)

338004-398008. Beethoven Piano Sonatas—Moonlight, Appassionata, Tempest, 3 more. A. Brendel (Counts as 2—Vox Cum Laude)

335075. Beethoven: Overtures—Coriolan, Egmont, Fidelio, Lenore, etc. Tennstedt, London Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

232496. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)—Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

321570. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; Schubert: Symph. No. 8 (*Unfinished*)—Maazel, Vienna Philhar. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

331595. Bizet: Carmen Suite; L'Arlesienne Suites 1, 2—Ozawa, Orch. National (*Digital*—Angel)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Rampal, Bolling (Columbia)

332668. Brahms: Symphony No. 1—Tennstedt cond. London Philharmonic Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

334243. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1—Weissenberg; Muti, Philadelphia Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

328039. Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations—Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

329144. Chopin: Waltzes, Mazurkas, Polonaises—Ivan Moravec, piano (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

331314. Gershwin: An American In Paris—plus Grainger's *Fantasy on Porgy & Bess*—Labeque sisters (*Digital*—Angel)

340182. Glass, Philip: Mishima—his music for the film (*Digital*—Nonesuch)

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (*Digital*—London)

332569. Haydn: Symphony No. 94 (Surprise), **No. 100** (Military)—Sir Georg Solti and London Philharmonic (*Digital*—London)

321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1 & 4; more—Boskovsky, Philharmonia Hungarica (Angel)

329094-399097. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)—Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

330613. Mozart: Greatest Hits—Gould, Previn, Szell, others (CBS Masterworks)

321224. Mozart: Overtures—Don Giovanni; Cosi fan tutte; etc.—Marriner, Acad. St. Martin (*Digital*—Angel)

332114. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Borodin: Polovtsian Dances—Ashkenazy conducts his own orchestration of "Pictures" (*Digital*—London)

338228. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Gounod: "Faust" Ballet Music—Dutoit, Orch. symphonique Montreal (*Digital*—London)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Michael Tilson Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Sym. (London)

321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—beautifully performed by pianist Murray Perahia (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

334771. Sibelius: Symphonies No. 4 and **7**—Berglund, Helsinki Philharmonic Or. (*Digital*—Angel)

326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic (*Digital*—London)

338244. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring—Dutoit cond. Orchestre symphonique de Montreal (*Digital*—London)

318444. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade For Strings—Muti, Phila. Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

336461. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Serenade—Pinchas Zukerman; Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

331942. The Academy—By Request. N. Marriner cond. works by Schubert, Bach, etc. (*Digital*—Angel)

328013. Nancy Allen—virtuoso harpist in music by Ravel and Debussy. With Rampal, Tokyo String Quartet (*Digital*—Angel)

328146. Willi Boskovsky cond. Symphonic Waltzes by R. Strauss; Tchaikovsky, Weber, etc. (*Digital*—Angel)

334276. Canadian Brass & Berlin Phil. Brass—Brass in Berlin. Bach, Pachelbel, Gabrieli, etc. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

337279. Placido Domingo—Save Your Nights For Me. *Love Came For Me; Maria;* etc. (CBS)

330159. Bob James—Rameau. The jazz artist performs works by the French Baroque composer on synthesizers. Superb! (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

339408. Hubert Laws/Chick Corea/Quincy Jones. Blanchard: New Earth Sonata; etc. (CBS Masterworks)

321851. Wynton Marsalis Plays Trumpet Concertos. Haydn, Hummel, L. Mozart (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329607. Wynton Marsalis—Edita Gruberova, soprano. Purcell, Handel, Torelli, etc. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

331959-391953. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Great Choruses of Bach and Handel. (Counts as 2—CBS Masterworks)

327551. Luciano Pavarotti—Mamma. Popular Italian Songs (*Digital*—London)

326397. Sutherland/Horne/Pavarotti—Live From Lincoln Center. A truly grand program (*Digital*—London)

320887. Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi and Puccini Arias. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

333112. Andreas Vollenweider—White Winds. The inventive harpist's latest (*Digital*—CBS)

334763. John Williams—Bach, Handel, Marcello Concertos *arr. for guitar* (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

330100. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 2—Licad; Previn, London Phil. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; etc. Dorati, Detroit Sym. (*Digital*—London)

335679. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Andre Previn, cond. London Symphony (*Digital*—Angel)

333526-393520. Dvorak: Slavonic Dances (Op. 46, 72); **American Suite**—Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—London)

325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symph. Orch. (*Digital*—London)

333575. Elgar: Enigma Variations; Pomp And Circumstance Marches—A. Davis, Philharmonia Or. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

334508. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Muti cond. Philadelphia Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

318824. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Schumann: Symphony No. 4**—Tennstedt, Berlin Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

330142. Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 3—Cho-Liang Lin; Thomas con. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

339366. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; more. Hogwood, Acad. of Ancient Music (*Digital*-L'Oiseau-lyre)

328740. Mozart: Piano Concerto 26 (Coronation); **Rondos**—Murray Perahia, English Chamber Orchestra (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

337782. Mozart: Divertimento, K. 563—Kremer; Kashkashian; Yo-Yo Ma (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

331447. Ravel: Ma Mere L'Oye (Mother Goose); etc.—Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (*Digital*—London)

340190. Reich: The Desert Music—M. Tilson Thomas, members Brooklyn Philharmonic (*Digital*—Nonesuch)

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal (*Digital*—London)

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

331082. Saint-Saens: Symphony No. 3 (Organ)—Hurford; Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (*Digital*—London)

339358. Schubert: Trout Quintet—Andras Schiff, piano; Alois Posch; Hagen Quartet (*Digital*—London)

329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

324897. Vivaldi: Four Seasons. Maazel, members Orch. National de France (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

323147. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. (*Digital*—London)

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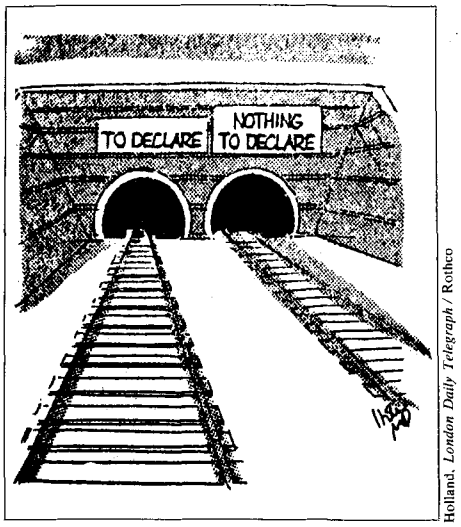
FOR THE RECORD

What are all those polls that have Republicans hopping and shouting? **George Bush**'s supporters released an **Arthur Finkelstein** poll at the annual meeting of CPAC in Washington, which sampled the memberships of nine conservative groups. Bush led the field as the favorite to succeed **Reagan**, with 36.3 per cent. **Jack Kemp** came in second with 16.9 per cent. **Bob Dole** (7.5 per cent) and **Howard Baker** (5.5 per cent) led the also-rans. When pollsters restricted potential candidates to these four, Bush jumped to 42 per cent, Kemp to 24.4 per cent. Bush "has established himself as an acceptable candidate to conservatives," said ACU Chairman **David Keene**, a Bush aide in 1980, now a consultant to Dole. . . . "Bush doesn't have a lock on the nomination," cautioned **John Maxwell**, head of Kemp's PAC. Kempites unveiled their own straw poll of CPAC delegates: 151 for Kemp, 25 for Bush. . . . **Mervin Field** polls in California show Bush and Kemp pulling away from the pack (Bush rose from 39 to 50 per cent between May and December; Kemp rose from 10 to 14 per cent). . . . **Kevin Phillips** finds Bush profiting from "GOP hierarchicalism," while "there's no doubt that Kemp is gaining ground." Dole, says Phillips, is "ebbing." . . . *Detroit News* finds "little visible recruiting" by Dole in Michigan, the earliest caucus state; evangelist **Pat Robertson** has been "aggressive"; **Alexander Haig** and **Donald Rumsfeld** are "obviously testing the waters." . . . Rumors of a deal: If Baker drops his flagging bid, he can have State or Treasury in a Bush Cabinet.

Blasts from the past: **Geraldine Ferraro** offered to take the place of Queens (New York City) Borough President **Donald Manes**, under a cloud for a parking-ticket scandal and a bizarre apparent suicide attempt. Queens pols, worried about the Justice Department's investigation into her campaign finances, rejected her offer. "It would be a liability," said one. . . . **Henry Kissinger** scotched talk that he might run for governor against **Mario Cuomo**. New York State Republicans felt Kissinger could raise money; Kissinger felt he would lose too much time and money of his own, as well as, in all likelihood, the race. . . . **George McGovern** is one of the finalists to be president of St. John's in Annapolis. (*One World* as a Great Book?)



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rotheo

Senate races, here and there: Former North Carolina governor **Terry Sanford**, a popular Democrat, is interested again in the Senate seat of retiring Republican **John East**. A bruising primary battle between Congressional Club favorite **David Funderburk** and Rep. **James Broyhill** brought Sanford out of the woodwork. State Democratic chairman **Wade Smith**, also retiring, cautions that Sanford has been out of politics for a long time: "I don't think there's a front-runner." . . . Rep. **Jim Jones** (D., Okla.) sags in polls against incumbent GOP Sen. **Don Nickles**. . . . Rep. **Thomas Daschle** (D., S.D.) looks to profit from GOP primary fight between incumbent Sen. **James Abdnor** and Gov. **William Janklow**. . . . **Mark Green**, former **Nader** employee and losing congressional candidate, is still the only Democrat who will touch a race against Sen. **Alfonse D'Amato** of New York. Green did get off a nice one about Gov. Cuomo, wondering whether he would "throw his halo into the ring for 1988."

The African National Congress celebrated its 74th anniversary in Lusaka, Zambia, with a call by President **Oliver Tambo** to escalate the "armed struggle against the forces of racism." On Radio Moscow, **Anatoli Gromyko**, son of **Andrei**, said, "Victory will be attained faster if all progressive forces worldwide stand steadfastly on the side of those fighting to eradicate the scourge of apartheid." . . . Guess who didn't come to dinner? Iranian President **Ali Khamenei** skipped a state dinner in his honor in Zimbabwe because host **Robert Mugabe** was serving booze, seating unchadored women at the men's table. Khamenei and his retinue stayed in their rooms. Warming up for the visit, the Iranian Embassy newsletter had blasted Mugabe as a "loudmouthed puppet" of South Africa. . . . Sen. **Barry Goldwater** has written President Reagan and Secretary of State **Shultz** to protest America's withholding of military equipment from Taiwan. "I plan to hold hearings on whether we're even living up to the Taiwan Relations Act," Goldwater said. "I'm sick and tired of my country not living up to its promises."

Department of unwanted condolences: Col. **Qaddafi** professed to be "deeply saddened" by the crash of the *Challenger*. "Those who died were victims of imperialist impatience" in an effort to "control space for the purposes of war." . . . The Soviet Union proposed to name two craters on Venus for dead astronauts **Judith Resnick** and **Christa McAuliffe**. "If such a thing," asked *Pravda*, "could happen with a relatively well tested and adjusted spaceship, how can one hope for efficient operation of a multitude of extremely sophisticated systems designed to control . . . nuclear warheads?" (In other words, dump Star Wars.) . . . **Gus Hall**, General Secretary of the CPUSA, wondered whether the blast wasn't caused by "a new secret explosive material carried aboard to test under conditions of weightlessness."

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THE WEEK

☐ Afghanistan has now lost its status as a "most favored nation." It took a while, but we don't get mad, we get even.

☐ Ideological vultures are circling around the space-shuttle disaster. *The Nation* used it to call the strategic defense initiative "an engine of national suicide." In England, Hugh Montefiore, the bishop of Birmingham, said that the disaster was "a blessing in disguise," because it could affect the development of space defense. El Salvador's Communist guerrillas, in a broadcast by Radio Venceremos, called the crew members "war criminals" and said, "We share the happiness felt by those who reject and condemn U.S. imperialism's warmongering policies." Scum of the world unite. You have nothing to lose, having lost everything that matters already.

☐ Rose Bird is in trouble. The wacko lib Chief Justice of California's Supreme Court has to face the voters in November, and they aren't in a grateful mood. What's more, her conservative opposition, led by State Senator H. L. Richardson and the Law and Order Campaign Committee, has hit on a wonderful technique for circumventing her liberal media Pretorian Guard: They're privately circulating a 28-minute VCR tape that coolly reviews the Bird's amazing, appalling record. The tape cost only $30,000 to produce, and Richardson hopes to reach two million voters with it before election day. By breaking the liberal media monopoly, the conservatives may be doing something even more important than relieving California of Chief Justice Bird: They may be launching a revolution in campaign strategy.

☐ First Mario Cuomo said he might run for President just to fight anti-Italian prejudice. Then George Bush accused Cuomo of "pitting one American against another" and "telling us to ignore the millions of blacks, Jews, Irish, Italians, Latins, and Poles who shattered the bonds of discrimination." Then Cuomo called Bush "bizarre" and "irrational" and added: "Thank God, President Reagan is well and it's his finger that's on the button. This man would be a menace." Bush is said to be working on a speech warning that the election of Cuomo would cause the stars to shoot from their spheres.

☐ NOTES ON LEGAL-SERVICES IDEOLOGY: It is official U.S. practice, Reagan or no Reagan, to turn back refugees fleeing Communist Nicaragua, as part of an overall policy against granting asylum to Central Americans. According to a *Washington Post* report, the Nicaraguan refugees are having trouble getting help in deportation cases from the key South Texas immigration legal-aid group because "many [of its lawyers] are sympathetic to the Sandinista government." (It specializes in assisting refugees from U.S.-allied governments like El Salvador and Guatemala.) A spokesman explains, "A lot of people in this office would be upset taking their cases. . . . This may sound naïve, but I believe that Nicaraguans can depend on their government to protect them from human-rights violations." Next time someone tells you that legal services is just meant to give poor clients a fair shake, remember that some clients turn out to be more equal than others.

☐ A strike against Hormel that has been going on since last August has taken a grisly turn. Razor blades have been found in numerous packages of Hormel frankfurters in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. Although spokesmen for the union denied involvement and claimed that the meatpackers' local was not responsible, the terrorist act serves their purposes, creating in effect a boycott of Hormel products.

☐ Mr. Harrison Williams, the former Democratic senator from New Jersey, the former chairman of the powerful Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, has just been released from prison after serving

No Lead Content

Yes, Mr. Bush tries very hard;
  He touches every base.
He's all for keeping up our guard
  Down here and up in space.
But like a goblet that goes *clunk*
  When one expects a *clang*,
His platform pitch will always flunk
  With every right-wing gang.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

CAN JONAS SAVIMBI wait for Congress? The UNITA leader came to Washington at the end of January looking for help, and, despite encouraging words from President Reagan, high-level congressional meetings, and a photo opportunity with Secretary of State George Shultz, Savimbi may not get enough military and humanitarian aid in time to hold off the 45,000 (Savimbi's estimate) Cuban and Eastern-bloc troops now massing with the MPLA for an attack on UNITA territory. The Hill and the State Department have botched things badly, with Shultz and Representative Claude Pepper (D., Fla.) deserving much of the blame.

Pepper, whose south Florida district is 40 per cent Cuban-American, last year introduced legislation that would have provided $27 million worth of humanitarian aid to UNITA. So far, so good—except that pro-UNITA representatives could not persuade Pepper to offer his aid bill in the House as an amendment to the continuing appropriations resolution. A reluctant Pepper did convince Representative Dan Burton (R., Ind.) to do it instead, but this waffling on Pepper's part was seen by his fellow Democrats as a vote against the amendment. The amendment failed by voice vote, and charges flew that Pepper had introduced the bill purely as a cynical ploy to mollify his anti-Communist Cuban constituency.

House Republicans have fared no better. Mark Siljander (R., Mich.) introduced a bill that would give UNITA $27 million in military aid. The bill has 108 co-sponsors but is going nowhere, thanks largely to staff bungling. Then Bill McCollum (R., Fla.) put a bill into the hopper that would impose economic sanctions on Angola if its government failed to enter into negotiations with UNITA leading to democratic elections by November 1986. It was Shultz who did in McCollum's bill. Although he failed in his attempt to urge House Minority Leader Bob Michel (R., Ill.) to "discourage" aid for UNITA, still, without Shultz's support there was no way of clearing the hurdles put in the way of UNITA aid by Howard Wolpe (D., Mich.), chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee's Africa subcommittee.

Following Savimbi's visit, Shultz switched tactics: He encouraged passing covert UNITA aid through House and Senate intelligence committees, knowing that chairmen Lee Hamilton (D., Ind.) and David Durenberger (R., Minn.) are dead set against the idea.

Administration officials refuse to comment on reports that Savimbi will get $10 million in covert aid from a special discretionary fund not subject to congressional approval. Intelligence sources have been passing the word quietly and credibly for weeks that UNITA would receive between $5 and $15 million. While encouraging, this amount seems small in the face of $2 billion (Savimbi's figure) worth of Cuban and Soviet military investment in Angola. Conventional wisdom says that the next major drive against UNITA won't come until the end of the rainy season (mid-April). But Soviet mobile ground radars are now positioned to direct air attacks on UNITA territory with Cuban and East German pilots flying Soviet all-weather MiGs. "Massive bombing could come at any time," says one Washington journalist fresh from a visit to Jamba, UNITA's provisional capital. Savimbi can wait for Congress, but not much longer.

Representative Bobbi Fiedler's indictment shattered California Republicans' hopes of dethroning Senator Alan Cranston. In late January, Mrs. Fiedler and her long-time aide and recent fiancé, Paul Clarke, were indicted for allegedly offering to help retire the campaign debt of her chief Republican rival, State Senator Ed Davis, if he promised to withdraw from the race. Such an offer violates California election law. Both Mrs. Fiedler and Davis, a former L.A. police chief, are now seen as damaged political goods. L.A. County Supervisor Mike Antonovich and Congressman Ed Zschau, a Silicon Valley mogul, now are considered long-shots to knock off Cranston, currently completing his third term.

Although California conservatives do not entirely view Mrs. Fiedler as one of their own, because of her support of the Equal Rights Amendment and her opposition to a constitutional amendment banning abortion, her Senate bid gained White House backing as early as July 1984 when she was selected to second President Reagan's nomination at the GOP convention.

Charges against Mrs. Fiedler are expected to be dropped. Allegedly, the L.A. district attorney's office recommended indicting only Clarke. "He's going to walk the plank for her," says one California Republican insider. But Mrs. Fiedler will not escape unscathed. "She can't even get re-elected to Congress now," says another veteran observer of the California political scene.

—CATO

time on the Abscam rap. This leaves at least one cell available should it be needed for any of the squads of New York Democrats currently under investigation. Mayor Ed Koch has called Queens Borough President Donald Manes a "crook." Manes tried to commit suicide. Geraldine Ferraro applied for his job. There have been FBI raids and resignations at the highest levels. Remember Ed Meese's cufflinks and the "sleaze factor"?

☐ New York straphangers have a new hero. James Grimes, a black token clerk in the city's besieged subway system, was set upon by three thugs intent on robbing him. Grimes, the victim of five previous subway robberies, in one of which he was doused with gasoline and threatened with a lighted match, pulled a pistol and plugged one of the punks, causing the other two to flee. The city has charged him with illegal weapons possession, but if public opinion is any indication, he should get off easy. The mugger he took out of commission, who later died, had a rap sheet that made the hooligans shot last year by Bernie Goetz look like Tinker Bell. Chalk up another one for the good guys.

☐ "One of the most massive violations of human rights we have seen"—the kind of thing Jesse Jackson says about a Reagan budget, and normally it's worth

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a yawn. This time, it was used by Médecins sans Frontières (Doctors without Borders, a Paris-based group of volunteer medicos who practice in such places as Afghanistan) about the Ethiopian government's famine-relief program, and it's for real. Addis Ababa has already resettled half a million people from north to south, and plans to resettle a million more. The ostensible purpose is to move them from exhausted to fertile land. The real purposes are to disrupt rebellious ethnic groups, collectivize agriculture, and provide cheap labor for government coffee plantations. The hapless Ethiopians starve in holding centers and stifle in crowded trucks; when they reach their new homes, they work 11-hour days, six days a week. Médecins sans Frontières estimates as many as one hundred thousand have died so far. The government has expelled the medical group from the country, for "sowing discord." Ray, Michael, Bruce, Cindi —are you listening?

☐ During the civil war in South Yemen, Yasir Arafat sent three thousand PLO troops with white flags to try to separate the combatants. Meanwhile, George Habash, the leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, found himself in the unaccustomed role of peacemaker. Attempting to restore order, Habash pulled out a pistol and threatened to kill himself if there was no reconciliation to preserve party unity. Unfortunately, no one took him up on the offer.

☐ Down Libya way, faithful followers of Colonel Qaddafi are suffering from the Islamic variant of tennis elbow, yclept "Qaddafi arm." Every day they are required to close up shop early, go down to the village square, and demonstrate their support of the armed struggle. "It's bad enough I earn less than I usually do," says one fatigued revolutionary, "but all that chanting and waving with a clenched fist day after day. It really gives you a stiff arm." Qaddafi's opponents have troubles of their own. Recently Colonel Ishkal, who wanted to shrink the role of Qaddafi's Revolutionary Guards, committed suicide by shooting himself. Six times.

☐ The PLO has gone retail, purchasing the duty-free gift shop at Tanzania's Dar es Salaam international airport. The terrorist group is also negotiating to buy similar shops in several other African countries. Silly? Not silly enough. The gift shops are "airside," meaning that customers would already have gone through security checkpoints; however, the shops are serviced by delivery trucks that are not subject to such checks. Also, passengers transferring from arriving flights are rarely subjected to searches. *Booom!*

☐ Banana Republic, the clothing company that supplies fantasy furnishings to the yuppies of America, is also dabbling in politics, and you'll never guess what kind. The company's founders took a "safari" to the Soviet Union, and they interspersed their most recent catalogue with their observations. ". . . We realize what the Soviets have done to Russia: decimated its spirit and its diversity, pulverized so many proud nationalities—Estonians, Latvians, Georgians, Armenians, Ukrainians, Uzbekis, etc.—into a grim, obedient, homogenous 'Soviet People.' A week later, neither of us can sleep . . . horrified by having lived—even if for only ten days—in a once so creative society where now all free expression must be conducted in whispers." (Bet you guessed wrong.)

☐ Perhaps some of the criticism being leveled at Secretary of State George Shultz is justified, but we think that the Secret Service's code name for him—"Mr. Potato Head"—is going a bit too far.

☐ "On this journey," said Jesse Jackson at a memorial service for one of the *Challenger* astronauts, "there were two women, a Jew, a black, an Asian, [and] white males." The man leads a charmed life. James Watt got canned for that kind of talk.

State of the Union: Playing Chicken

THE STATE OF THE UNION was, among other things, a pleasant refresher course in the radicalism of Ronald Reagan. It is not merely that—for all the infuriating interlinear compromises—he remains astonishingly committed to conservative principle, as shown by his cheerfully defiant recommitment to such unmainstream conservative causes as the fights against abortion and for school prayer and vouchers.

But Reagan is a strategic radical as well. The conventional wisdom, both Left and Right, is that taxes must be raised or defense reduced, since the politicians are unwilling to make serious cuts in social programs. Reagan has refused to do either. In the State of the Union he built a wall of moral principle against tax increases, drawing for Congress a picture of the sort of middle-income family most likely to be affected: both parents working and barely able to pay the bills out of after-tax income. It can no longer be presumed, he declared, that in a conflict between the government's budget and the family's, the family must give way. Rhetoric, certainly. But the President thereby painted himself a little tighter into a corner from which he has no wish to escape; if the prohibition on taxes is absolute, Congress must give way eventually on spending.

Some conservative critics claim Mr. Reagan is avoiding reality; the truth is he is embracing it: the reality that it is taxation, not spending, that is the finally re-

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liable measure of government expansion and intrusion; the reality that, given the deficit scare, Mr. Reagan is driving his no-tax-increase roadster into a game of chicken he cannot lose.

That said, it would be helpful if Mr. Reagan would be more convincing on the details of what to cut. The written message to Congress recommends cutting some $38 billion from the 1987 budget, with the deep cuts coming from student loans and Medicare, two programs widely perceived as useful, if not efficient. It may be that those cuts will be designed so as to save the most money with the least pain, but, if so, Mr. Reagan will have to explain how. The press will not cast those cuts in a favorable light. It does not help, either, that he keeps insisting that Social Security is not part of the problem because it is financed separately. A born-again supply-sider should know that government's taxing capacity is limited; Social Security absorbs a great deal of it. Moreover, as the bulk of working Americans lose faith that Social Security will ever help them, the sacred cow begins to look like sirloin on the hoof.

It was encouraging, by contrast, to hear the President criticize welfare programs directly, the first time in his Administration that he has done so with any seriousness. And his call for a line-item veto—"Give me the authority and I will take the heat"—was also welcome, as was the budget message's elevation of the space shield to first place among weapons programs. That took guts considering all the screams about defense spending and how eager the no-nukers are to attack that particular expenditure. When you're playing chicken, a little cheerful bravado is part of the recipe for victory. In sum, the speech was a microcosm of the Reagan Presidency: a bit too glib about the details; audacious, and therefore probably successful, strategically speaking.

Man Is the Shuttle

THE EXPLOSION of the *Challenger* and the extinction of its crew prompt reflections, in a way that more common accidents do not, on *hubris* and human fallibility. People die in planes, trains, and cars every day; people die crossing the street, and climbing stairs. When, however, some marvel of technology—a state-of-the-art push on the border of the possible—fails, taking lives with it, men suddenly seem to themselves small and naked, and very rash. Earlier in this century, the crash of the *Hindenburg* had something of this quality. So did the sinking of the *Titanic*, which provoked Thomas Hardy's grave rebuke: "In a solitude of the sea / Deep from human vanity, / And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she."

Small minds can easily put a political spin on this. One of the dimmest jobs so far was done by James Reston, who began by observing that accidents happen (true enough); went on to compare the *Challenger* to such failed ventures as the Maginot Line (farfetched) and Hitler's blitzkrieg (outrageous); and concluded that Star Wars won't work.

Most Americans, especially President Reagan, took a more serious view, engaging the doubts voiced by Hardy. They honored and mourned the astronauts, but did not pity them. None of the crew members were witless victims; they all knew the risks. The public also seemed to know why the shuttle project exists—for a host of reasons, scientific, military, and political. But also for the overriding reason, that that is the way human beings are. We are by nature as avid as we are finite. "Man is the shuttle," wrote Henry Vaughan (unwittingly punning), "to whose winding quest / And passage through these looms / God ordered motion, but ordained no rest." The prudent pursuit of just impulses can never be reckoned a fault, however tragic the short-run consequences.

The Bush Problem

GEORGE BUSH has had a busy schedule over the last few months, as every presidential candidate must, and he has been particularly busy with conservative functions. In December, he spoke at a dinner honoring the late William Loeb, publisher of the *Manchester* (N.H.) *Union Leader*. Last month, he was the featured speaker at the New York State Conservative Party's annual dinner; the next day, he appeared at a meeting of Jerry Falwell's Liberty Foundation ("Let me say, go for it," was Bush's message). Two weeks ago, Bush and all the other serious Republican hopefuls (and most of the unserious ones) dutifully appeared at CPAC '86, to give hard-core speeches and abuse each other's polls. These courtesy calls have provoked an unusually harsh reaction. James Reston saw in the Loeb tribute "the corruption of ambition"; Anthony Lewis chimed in: "an embarrassment." On the right, George Will unloaded on Bush a columnful of the kind of abuse he usually reserves for Soviets, abortionists, and tax cutters: "debacle . . . rancid . . .

Farm-State Blues

Robert Dole, who comes from Kansas,
  Has been getting nasty vibes
Every time a farm foreclosure
  Triggers vicious diatribes.
Though he thrusts and parries fiercely
  With his customary zeal,
Like Achilles fighting Paris,
  He's stark naked at the heel.

W. H. VON DREELE

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"I think it's to scotch any rumors that she's quitting."

shambles . . . rot . . . gibberish . . . charlatan . . . lap dog," and, worst of all, "Mondale."

The syllogism underlying the assault on Bush is this: 1) Bush is, at heart, a moderate—right of center, perhaps, but not strongly so. 2) Nevertheless, he is courting the Right. 3) Therefore, he is a hypocrite. Bush's true situation, though, is more complicated.

Bush's reputation for moderation is based on more than the handful of less-than-hard-line positions he has taken over the years. Politicians who are equally wayward—Lewis Lehrman's position on abortion when he ran for governor was the same as Bush's, and Jeane Kirkpatrick belongs, as Bush once did, to the dread Trilateral Commission—are nevertheless conservative idols. The impression is, rather, atmospheric. It became fixed in the popular mind by the 1980 Republican primaries, when the only running room Bush had was slightly to Reagan's left. It is grounded on an estimate of Bush's temperament and political character.

"The GOP, incongruous though it seems, must welcome all who want to be Republicans. We cannot afford the luxury of screening committees to see if a man's every iota of political philosophy conforms to some guidelines laid down by 'true conservatives' or 'informed conservatives.' There simply aren't enough people who share my every view for me to dictate just who can or who can't be a Republican.

"At the same time those of conservative persuasion should press hard for their views in the councils of the party. They should work for what they believe in, but they shouldn't rely on 'all or nothing' ultimatums. They should strive to keep our mainstream right of center, rejoicing as it becomes clearly conservative, but not panicking if it eddies toward the middle of the river from time to time."

That was George Bush, judging the political landscape in NATIONAL REVIEW—December 1, 1964. (Another contributor to that symposium was one Ronald Reagan.) As he was two decades ago, so he is now. Ideologically, by any sensible definition, he is, and always has been, a conservative. Temperamentally, Bush is an eclectic, an embracer, a conciliator.

These qualities give many conservatives the willies. They fear a Bush campaign, and fear a Bush Administration even more (though the inferiority of a President Bush to a President Reagan is, even on this reading, not self-evident: Would a wary, mobilized Right get less from a forthright compromiser than from an easy-going true believer?). Bush's soft-edged profile will stimulate conservative resistance no matter how many speeches he gives over the next two years.

The profile will also not change. First because, at Bush's age, it's impossible. But also because conciliation is Bush's main political strength. It was Bush's eclecticism which took him from nowhere to Reagan's right hand in 1980; which makes him the frontrunner now.

The Incredible Shrinking State

THE PROGRESS of privatization, which has spread from Margaret Thatcher's Britain to at least a dozen other countries [see also "From Washington Straight," p. 24], is enough to confound those Right-pessimists and Left-optimists who thought that statism was a clock that ticked remorselessly forward. Now on the block, or recently sold, are such prizes as the Japanese telephone, railway, and tobacco monopolies; the Spanish national automaker (being sold to Volkswagen); airlines in Britain, Japan, Singapore, and Thailand; hotels in Mexico, Spain, and the Philippines; television channels in France and Malaysia; and the bridge over the Bosporus in Turkey.

Among the remarkable features of the privatization surge, in addition to its sheer momentum, is that socialist parties and Third World governments are actually taking the lead. Thus in Europe, the supposedly leftist governments in Spain and Italy have been more active in privatizing than the right-wingers in Germany and Holland (who, nonetheless, are beginning to come along). Mitterrand's France has performed a *volte-face,* disillusionment with *dirigiste* monopolies having set in on both Left and Right. Brazil's new administration, "peppered with leftist economists" as *The Economist* puts it, has unveiled an ambitious privatization plan, and even Mexico is paying the concept lip service.

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With the successes come the objections, and for now the major objections seem, on the surface at least, to be non-ideological. Former Conservative Prime Minister Harold Macmillan worries that for Mrs. Thatcher to get rid of state industries, even money losers, is to sell the family silver. He forgets a lesson Adam Smith taught: A rich government does not necessarily make for a rich nation. More fundamentally, asset sales need not impoverish a government; it can use the proceeds to pay off its debt, or to avoid going further into debt, and in either case future taxpayers have no grounds to complain. In point of fact, every new privatization helps future taxpayers by adding to the tax base. Some older American cities are perennially in fiscal straits because they are saddled with too much "public-purpose" land; a bit of privatization is just what their treasuries need.

The other objection, constantly raised by Martin Tolchin of the *New York Times*, is that the only way to ensure humane conduct by social-service institutions is to have the government run them. Private prisons will beat their inmates, private orphanages will starve their waifs, and who knows what private schools will do? Defending the rights of incapacitated persons is never easy, but the problem was hardly solved by replacing the private madhouses of the nineteenth century with the miserable public Willowbrooks and Pennhursts of our own day, or by entrusting wards of court to John Zaccaro's conservatorship instead of Dickens's Court of Chancery. The solution may require some creativity by the courts, some intervention by disinterested guardians or advocates, and, where possible, giving the dependent or his family a voice in switching custodians. What it does not require is public ownership.

On the other hand, there is a different type of "due process" that is religiously observed in many public-sector institutions. It includes an incompetent worker's right to 37 hearings and appeals before being fired, or a town's right to stall the closing of a loss-making rail station by political protests. Due process of this kind would be sharply curtailed by privatization—which is just the point.

Reaganite Racial Progress

JOURNALISM HAS BEEN buzzing for weeks about Bill Moyers's CBS documentary *The Vanishing Family: Crisis in Black America* [see also "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," p. 47]. It was a study of the black urban welfare culture that vividly bore out the much-denounced warnings of Daniel Patrick Moynihan and George Gilder: Rootless black males, displaced by welfare, would become a disruptive social force. The black illegitimacy rate now approaches 60 per cent, no doubt much higher in the inner city; the leading cause of death among young blacks is murder by other young blacks; it's common for black girls in their early teens to have babies, with no effective community disapproval.

What makes the show especially significant is that Bill Moyers is the most certified of liberals. What's more, it has been enthusiastically hailed by important liberal commentators, including David Broder, Mary McGrory, and William Raspberry, not to mention Jesse Jackson. The topic has ceased to be taboo, and there has been no reflexive charge of "racism" against Moyers for raising it. Of course, his credentials are helpful here. We'll have made real progress when a conservative can raise the subject with impunity.

A Desert Called Peace

"WE BELIEVE that the United States, by refraining from the use of force and refusing to aid local anti-Communist forces, can coax the Communists to negotiate the peaceful withdrawal of Soviet-bloc troops from a Soviet client state and the establishment of a neutral coalition government." Stated thus, in a vacuum, almost nobody believes such nonsense any more. Yet it is a fair description of the Reagan State Department's avowed policy on Angola.

Jonas Savimbi, leader of UNITA, has mounted the most successful indigenous armed resistance to a full-fledged Soviet client regime in history. He may not be able to take Angola from the thirty to forty thousand Cuban troops and the growing number of Soviet advisors who occupy it; but they have been unable to dislodge him from his one-third of Angola and will not be able to do so without a major war effort. With substantial American aid, which he sought in Washington last week, Savimbi might win a war of attrition, making Soviet/Cuban alliances less attractive to southern African leaders and frustrating Soviet imperial ambitions in the region.

The State Department wants none of it. State Department officials responsible for African policy speak of American goals in the region as "lowering the levels of conflict" and establishing "a sustainable order." (State must love Eastern Europe.) Concretely, State's primary goal in the region is South African withdrawal from Namibia, which lies between South Africa and Angola.

South African withdrawal is not in America's interest, since Namibia would fall to the Communist SWAPO guerrillas if abandoned by South Africa; but it is an accepted priority of the "foreign-policy community," and of the sort of people who take the UN seriously. Because of its preoccupation with Namibia, State's vision of a regional settlement focuses on negotiations that would remove just enough Cuban troops from Angola to make South Africa feel safe in leaving Namibia. Should the negotiations succeed, they would interpose a hostile Namibia between UNITA and South

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Africa, on which UNITA depends for military assistance, and would weaken the community of interest between the two. However many Cubans might leave Angola, State's settlement would do little to preclude their return. Namibia would be Marxist, Savimbi would be surrounded and probably destroyed, and southern Africa would learn the wrong lesson. The levels of conflict, however, would be lowered.

All You Need to Know About South Yemen

THE SOVIETS may be evil, but they sometimes make up for it by incompetence. Old-fashioned Bolshevik bungling accounts for their latest fiasco: the outbreak of civil war in South Yemen, a staunchly pro-Soviet satellite and the only Arab state to have embraced Marxism-Leninism. The conflict has forced hundreds of Soviet military advisors and diplomats to flee the country in order to avoid taking sides in a war the Kremlin neither wanted nor anticipated. Soviet dismay over the affair is doubtless deepened by the fact that miscalculations by Moscow helped touch off the crisis.

In a nutshell, this is what happened: In 1980, President Abdel Fattah Ismail was overthrown in a bloodless coup that almost certainly had the Kremlin's blessing. Ismail's fanatical and invariably silly attempts to foster revolution in neighboring North Yemen and Oman were becoming a source of embarrassment to Moscow, then seeking to establish ties with the conservative Arab states of the Persian Gulf. (The Soviets had nothing against revolution, only against amateurism.)

Ismail's successor, Ali Nasser Mohammed al-Hassani, immediately charted a more moderate course—a kind of New Economic Policy—that included the pursuit of détente with Oman, North Yemen, Saudi Arabia, and the United Arab Emirates. By 1985, South Yemen was receiving some financial aid from these Gulf states, and, by last autumn, the Soviets had achieved a long-sought diplomatic breakthrough: the establishment of relations with both Oman and the United Arab Emirates.

This mini-détente in the Arabian peninsula probably would have continued to pay dividends to the Soviets had they not made a serious miscalculation. Early in 1985 they allowed former President Ismail, then in exile in Moscow, to return to Aden. The objective was probably to put pressure on Hassani so as to ensure that his various rapprochements did not go too far. But Ismail was too ambitious to remain a mere watchdog. The rivalry between the two men erupted in a shootout among members of the South Yemeni Politburo on January 13 of this year. The ensuing civil war divided the country along tribal as much as ideological lines—a development orthodox Marxist-Leninist ideology would never have predicted.

Frantic efforts by the Soviets to bring the conflict under control have included their installation of a former prime minister, Haider Abu Bakr al-Attas, as the successor to Hassani, whose whereabouts are unknown (Ismail is believed to have been killed). But Attas is a poor compromise candidate, with no real tribal or political constituency of his own; he may prove unable to end the fighting in the countryside.

The Soviet position in South Yemen may be shakier now than any time in the last 17 years. Moreover, most of the progress Moscow had made in improving relations with the Gulf states has evaporated as a result of the conflict. Typically, when the Kremlin blunders, it seeks to shift the blame to "Western imperialists." In this instance, however, the Western nations were nowhere near the scene of the crime, and the only imperialists in sight were the variety who sport red stars in their military headdress.

The Usual Fiasco At Dartmouth

LAST FALL, students and local people opposed to apartheid erected four unsightly "shanties" on the beautiful green of Dartmouth College. The dean ordered them removed. The college president demurred, allowing them to stand as long as they served an "educational purpose."

On January 21, a dozen students, most of them associated with the irrepressible *Dartmouth Review*, formed a Committee to Beautify the Green before Winter Carnival and, taking up tools, dismantled the shanties, pausing only to be arrested by the campus police. The students' rationale was that the shanties were an eyesore, they were an imposition by a small group on the rest of the campus, and they discouraged prospective students visiting Dartmouth.

The dismantling of the shanties posed a dilemma to college authorities. How could they prosecute the *Dartmouth Review* group for violating property rights when the shanties constituted a violation of property rights

Still Fighting Hitler

A pointing finger, Mozambique
Aims southward, while a sister clique
Across the continent deploys
Some thirty thousand Cuban boys.
Though even Gorbachev agrees
They're Marxist to their BVDs,
The nicest college deans insist
South Africa will not be missed.

W. H. VON DREELE

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in the first place? How could they condemn the conservatives for taking down illegal structures that the dean had pledged to take down months ago? The rationale for letting the shanties stand was that they were a political statement and served an educational purpose—but, if so, why was the act of taking down the shanties any the less a political or educational proclamation?

In fact, the Dartmouth administration was not restrained by these considerations. When the campus Left went into apoplexy, Dartmouth president David McLaughlin was characteristically embarrassed and pliant. He allowed 150 student and faculty rowdies to occupy an administration building, 1960s style. He acceded to demands that he issue a public statement denouncing the *Review* students and cancel classes for a day, scheduling instead a teach-in on racism, sexism, and so on.

In the press and at the teach-in, the rhetoric was wild and uncontrolled. Biology professor Thomas Roos called the *Review* group fascists in the Hitler mold; a student told the *New York Times* that dismantling the shanties was like burning a cross; the campus daily (which the previous day had printed an editorial titled "Dismantle the Shanties") called for the immediate expulsion of its journalistic competitors. Surely the most pathetic moment was when the college president and dean were spotted in a lineup of students and faculty singing, "We Shall Overcome."

As of this writing, the conservative students are being set up for a trial by Dartmouth's judiciary committee. They are being blamed not for a college prank, but for "harassment, abuse, coercion, and violence." Their presumed views of the place of minorities at Dartmouth are suspect and will also be on trial. Lawyers are coming out of the woodwork.

One message the shanties delivered, as weeks and months went by, was that you could do anything you damn well pleased as long as you validated it with a leftist cause. Understandably, there are students at Dartmouth who chafed at this perception. While conservatives should not imitate the street theater of the Left, one can certainly appreciate their emotions even as one frowns on their political imprudence. The shanties were an aggressive affront, and it was irresponsible of the college authorities to allow them to stand.

Just for a Riband

THIS MONTH the first poet laureate of the United States will be appointed. The mind gropes for a recent event of comparable cultural and political significance and settles upon . . . Richard Nixon dressing up the White House security guards as Imperial Toy Soldiers. Not since then has a government decision so comically disregarded American traditions and democratic values.

It is a prerequisite of art that it evoke passion from at least one person; a poet laureate is a man who writes poetry loved by the state. The idea falls short of being repulsively totalitarian when the state is embodied in a person, as with British monarchs. The modern state tears away such illusions. Pray, where will the government find a decent American poet who will admit to being loved by the state? Even if alienation were not *de rigueur* among the culturati, Americans would find the idea creepy.

Of course, a laureate will be found, and he won't be loved by the state, or want to be loved by it. (His inaugural ode will be about racism or AIDS.) The laureateship will mean merely that the "arts community" has credentialized someone as this year's best poet, which is to say he will be the winner of one of the bitchiest bureaucratic squalls in the history of federal funding.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Ref: "Pensées" (your title)—your preface to Joe Sobran's article, pages 24 to 58, NATIONAL REVIEW, 30th Anniversary Issue.

If Joe Sobran dislikes the use of "out-of-town" words for heading his scholarly treatises, I suggest this alternative: "Soberin' Thoughts."

Sincerely,
Vincent F. Deppisch
Santa Monica, Calif.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Q: How many congressmen does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Five hundred and thirty-five, but only if the following conditions are met:

The light bulb will not be changed in an election year. A committee will study the light-bulb situation for at least a year. Taxes will have to be raised. A fair and proportionate number of the light-bulb changers will be from minority groups. No Social Security funds will be used to change the bulb. Each state and congressional district will share in the benefits of changing the light bulb. The blame for the failure of the present bulb will be assigned to the other party. The new bulb will be twice as bright as the old bulb. Because the new bulb is twice as bright as the old bulb, it will cost 130 times as much. A Blue Ribbon Panel will investigate light-bulb failures and issue a mega-page report to the Congress. A fact-finding trip to all countries known to produce light bulbs will be made by most congressmen and their wives. The CIA will investigate the Russian light-bulb-changing system. Details of the Russian light-bulb-changing system will

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be sold to the Chinese by an American naval officer. The surgeon general will issue a report about the perils of over-bright light bulbs. A program to supply light bulbs to those who cannot afford them will be introduced by Tip O'Neill. President Reagan will give a speech extolling the virtues of kerosene lanterns. Tip O'Neill will initiate a program of free kerosene for the needy.

And finally, each and every congressman will send every one of his constituents a newsletter describing how he managed to get the light bulb changed almost single-handedly.

Darwin R. Crum
Schaumburg, Ill.

Dear Mr. Crum: Many thanks. I've been worrying about it. I'm glad you've got it down to the nuts and bolts. You should take on disarmament next. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You will be interested to know what your recent execution has done to the price of your old books. Herewith the most recent circular from "Autographs for Sale, Conway Barker, P.O. Box 670625, Dallas, Texas":

"Buckley, Jr., William F. 1925–1985? (apparently murdered by terrorists). Book by Buckley, *United Nations Journal: Delegate's Odyssey*, published by G. P. Putnam's, New York, 1974. With inscribed and Signed bookplate mounted on title page. Original dust cover. Signature of former owner appears on flyleaf. $65.00."

Steven Collins
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Mr. Collins: The tragic death of the State Department's William Buckley, captured by terrorists in Lebanon and reportedly executed in retaliation for Israel's raid on Tunisia in December, is unhappily no laughing matter. Though Conway Barker certainly is. Yours cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I recently read a most satisfactory proposal on the prayer-in-school controversy. Regrettably, the author's name has slipped from my mind as the journal has from my possession. However, the following reflects its basic premise: The Supreme Court opens every session with the words, "God save the United States and this honorable court." When the propriety of this practice has been challenged, the court spokesman has stated that the opening sentence is not a prayer.

The suggestion was made to let every U.S. public school open its day with the words, "God save the United States and this honorable school."

The point was made that if the practice were legally challenged, the Supreme Court would have to permit it on the grounds that it wasn't a prayer or do one of the following: admit that the court has been wrong since its inception and has behaved in an unconstitutional fashion, possibly jeopardizing decisions made under these "inauspicious circumstances," or rule that the insertion of the word "school" in place of "court" turned this innocent statement into an insidious petition.

I believe most thinking people would hail the suggested plan as a noble compromise.

Eric Wright
Winter Garden, Fla.

Dear Mr. Wright: Good clear thinking. God save you. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mrs. Moses and I spent two weeks in New Guinea early this year, and learned that the crocodile is a central figure in the natives' worship of the rivers. The pidgin word for crocodile is "puk-puk." There are no alligators in New Guinea, so, logically, the pidgin word for alligator is also "puk-puk."

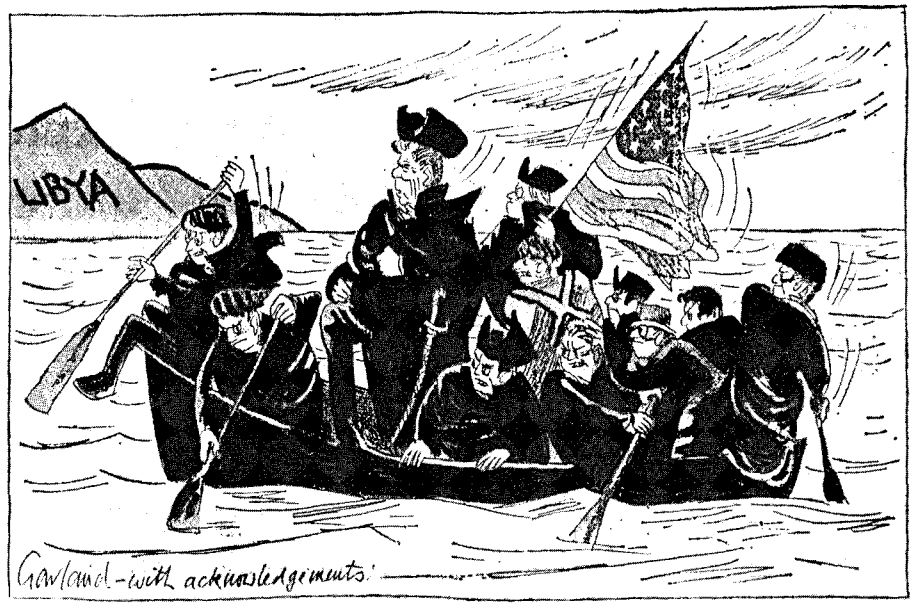
I thought you'd like to know.

I enjoyed *See You Later, Alligator*, but *Stained Glass* is still my favorite.

Very truly,
Raphael J. Moses
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Mr. Moses: You are thoughtful not to have told us what the pidgin New Guineaese word is for "See you later." We are, after all, a family journal. Yours cordially,

—WFB



Garland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

Reagan Crossing the Mediterranean

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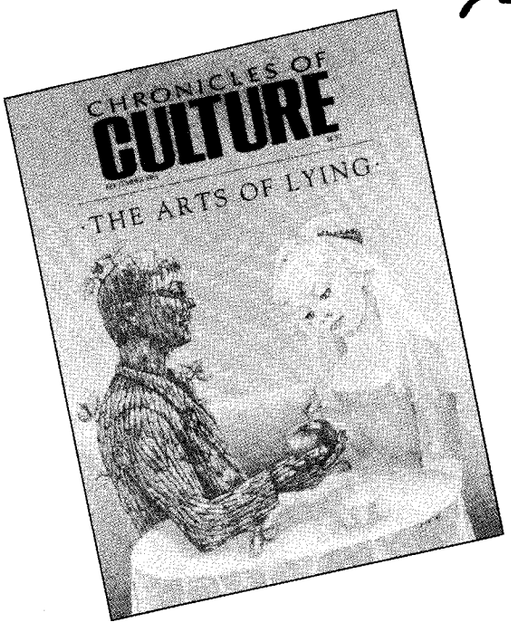

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GOING PRIVATE

REGARDING government, the less the better. This dictum forms the backbone of the Reagan Theory of Governance. A corollary to this is that the private sector routinely offers higher-quality goods and services at lower costs. Now this thinking is being structured by the Administration into formal policy. Watch for "privatization" —the transfer of federal properties and activities to the private sector—to become the watchword of the rest of the Reagan second term.

Mr. Reagan's inclination to privatize has been reinforced by the experience of other leading industrialized nations. Thus, during the seven years of Margaret Thatcher's stewardship, more than two dozen government-owned businesses have been sold to the private sector for some $28 billion, including British Telecom, Jaguar, and British Aerospace. This year, Mrs. Thatcher will hang a "For Sale" sign on British Gas, all major British airports, British Airways, and the National Bus Company. In 1987, Rolls-Royce aero-engine manufacturers and the remaining publicly held portion of British Petroleum will be on the block. Revenue from these and other sales will permit Mrs. Thatcher to make good on her promise to cut the basic income-tax rate from 30 to 25 per cent.

For his part, President Reagan is looking to privatize Amtrak and the Naval Petroleum Reserve. J. Peter Grace says that $11.2 billion could be saved over the next three years by privatizing Dulles and National Airports in Washington, D.C., plus fleets of vehicles, all military commissary stores, and a goodly portion of the Coast Guard. Budget Director James Miller would like to sell the Postal Service, small airports' traffic-control units, and the Federal Housing Administration. Indeed, if the OMB has its way, 11,000 commercial functions will go private, permitting the market discipline to strip away fat and fraud.

The FHA, by the way, is already privatizing, in a less obvious way. Last year, the agency issued forty thousand vouchers to poor families, giving them the choice of living in private rather than public housing. This year a pilot voucher experiment will probably be set up for veterans to get care at medical centers of their choosing rather than at a VA hospital.

In states and cities, privatization is already big. Phoenix contracts out for security, street repair, and maintenance of the public dump. In Tennessee, a Nashville company operates correctional institutions in Memphis and Chattanooga, and Republican Governor Lamar Alexander wants to turn over two new prisons to the private sector.

THE PRIVATIZATION concept thrills the heart of conservatives everywhere, but it also appeals to a wide ideological spectrum, as Stuart Butler of the Heritage Foundation notes. "It's the wave of the future, the trend of the decade," crows a Democratic congressman who voted for Gramm-Rudman-Hollings and sees the sale of government-owned assets as yielding revenues needed to meet GRH's deficit-reduction goals through 1991, meaning that less will need to be cut from the military budget.

Some Capitol Hill types, however, believe that Mr. Reagan's "infatuation" with privatization is based neither on ideology nor on any eagerness to shrink the deficit. "It's a diversionary tactic," they say. The centerpiece of Reagan's domestic agenda—tax reform—is headed for a long, bitter fight in the Senate. Furthermore, the Administration's foreign policy is, in the words of a senior GOP Senate aide, "inarticulate," especially in response to terrorist attacks. Privatization serves nicely as a political attention grabber.

Even supporters of privatization are quick to point out that it is no panacea. Thus, it doesn't necessarily reduce costs to consumers, but often simply transfers assets from one monopoly (federal) to another (private). The privatization of Conrail, according to Butler, is an instance of "how not to privatize" since it fails to spread ownership widely, as Maggie Thatcher did with British Telecom.

Representative Gary Ackerman (D., N.Y.) has studied privatization through his Civil Service subcommittee, and he notes lots of deficiencies in its practice, like civilian Navy security guards who, a recent internal audit by the Navy revealed, were not required to gain security clearance. The guards in general, according to Ackerman's account of the Navy report, "were not trained, not qualified with weapons, and inadequately supervised."

Gerald McEntee, president of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, will supply any interested party with reams of horror stories. Rochester, New York, saved $2.5 million in one year when it stopped using a private trash collector; New York City saved a half-million dollars a year on custodial and printing contracts when city employees got back into the act. And so on.

So, don't look for privatization to sweep Capitol Hill or the nation like a prairie fire. Yet, it is an idea whose time has come, and with proper vigilance can be implemented with no threat to national security or public safety, no termination of necessary services, and no discrimination against minorities or the poor. In Britain, recall, the privatization experiment has largely worked, and current thrusts in Brazil, Mexico, Chile, Spain, Italy, and Japan are all pointing in the same direction. So it looks as if Mr. Reagan, in addition to SDI, tax reform, and Summits I and II, has yet another shibboleth to protect himself from the hex of lame-duckery: privatization, or putting the government up for sale. □

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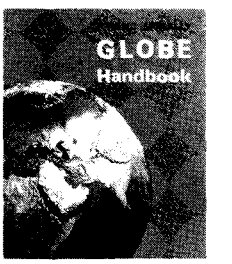

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THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS

ALL POLITICAL leaders need a power base, and all will seek to create it, enlarge it, and consolidate it. That much, Mikhail Gorbachev has in common with Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher, and Yasuhiro Nakasone. Thereabouts, the resemblance ends.

The democratic power base is largely at the mercy of voting tastes, public-opinion polls, and television images, in the first instance, to be built up by lobbies, patronage, and cabinet appointments. In the Soviet system, power is vested in the General Secretary of the ruling CPSU, who then feels the need to consolidate it by ensuring that the Central Committee is packed with his supporters. Thereafter, at leisure, he can accumulate the formal trappings of supreme power: a presidency here, a marshaldom of the Soviet Union there.

Stalin set the pattern, and the crude, shrewd, but sometimes wild Nikita Khrushchev demonstrated how it works in 1957, when he had his back to the wall in the face of a challenge from the war hero Marshal Zhukov and Stalin favorites Molotov and Malenkov. The "anti-Party group," as they were dubbed when it was all over, thought they could oust Khrushchev, but they had counted without Khrushchev's close ally, the MVD (read: KGB) chief, Ivan Serov. In no time, scattered members of the Central Committee, which seldom meets more than twice a year, were corralled and flown back to Moscow, to give Mr. K. his victory.

Gorbachev knows his Party history, we may be sure, and the most important point to watch for when the CPSU holds its 27th Congress this month will be the way the "election" of a new Central Committee goes. The key henchmen making sure that all will go well are top ideologist Yegor Ligachev, already in fact if not in name Gorbachev's deputy, and Georgi Razumovsky, who since last July has been head of the Central Committee's Department for Party Cadres. Ligachev, in fact, has stepped into the awesome shoes of the late Mikhail Suslov, top interpreter of Marxist-Leninist holy writ. As for Razumovsky, he has the whole of the massive Party organization in his hands (under Gorbachev's watchful eye, of course). What a rise for the Party boss from Krasnodar: almost as impressive as from Plains, Georgia, to the White House.

As for the nominal government, it doesn't count for much, and never has. Last October Gorbachev sacked old Tikhonov (a Brezhnev protégé) as Chairman of the Council of Ministers. Fair enough for an octogenarian. But the real point of the exercise was to put Gorbachev's man, Nikolai Ryzhkov, into the Premier's chair.

Next octogenarian for the push, one guesses, has to be Boris Ponomarev, who, if he has not passed on (or down) by the time these lines are in print, may well yield the key job of head of the Central Committee's International Department to his lively and resourceful deputy, Vadim Zagladin. (A reminder: The ID took up where Lenin's Comintern left off and determines not only the targets for Soviet subversion worldwide, but also the Soviet Union's foreign policy.)

Another old face, sadly familiar in the West, is that of President (ex-Foreign Minister) Gromyko. Will he, too, step down to make way for the ever upwardly mobile Gorbachev? A fair comment, at this stage of what will surely be a very long game, is that it doesn't particularly matter. But it would be surprising if the Party boss did not, fairly soon, carry the title of President of the Supreme Soviet.

Assuming, then, that what is preordained duly happens, will it all mean massive and far-reaching changes in this sclerotic society? Above all, will it remove the pall of fear that the very existence of that society necessarily casts over the rest of the world?

The answer to both questions is almost certainly no. There has been no sign whatever that the "young, vigorous, intelligent" Mikhail Gorbachev is going to be in a position to attempt even the limited market experiment launched by the much older Deng Xiaoping, veteran of the Long March. All that has surfaced is a tough determination to make an appallingly inefficient and corrupt system work better than it has hitherto.

The action taken to curb alcoholism is indicative. Vodka is the opium of the Soviet people. If you don't like your life, you drink. But Gorbachev is creating a drastic shortage of the stuff and raising the price of what is available. That is the advantage of the centralized economy: It's hopeless at producing abundance, but very good at shortages.

EVERYTHING GOES to show that Gorbachev, however personable, and however Paris-chic his wife, is the ultimate Party apparatchik. He is also—more than Brezhnev, though less obviously than Andropov—a KGB-line man. In 1971, when the Heath-Home government expelled 105 Soviet intelligence officers from Britain, the reaction from Brezhnev's Moscow was notably feeble. When the British expelled a mere handful or two in the wake of the Gordyevsky defection last year, Gorbachev's Moscow was tough and nasty.

Moreover, after the brief post-Summit honeymoon, the tone is getting harsh and abusive again in the capital of all the Russias. On January 10, *Izvestiya* lambasted the U.S. Administration as "Rambo on the rampage." A few days earlier, the sixth anniversary of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan triggered a massive denunciation of the German Federal Republic. No question, the Spirit of Geneva was too good to last. □

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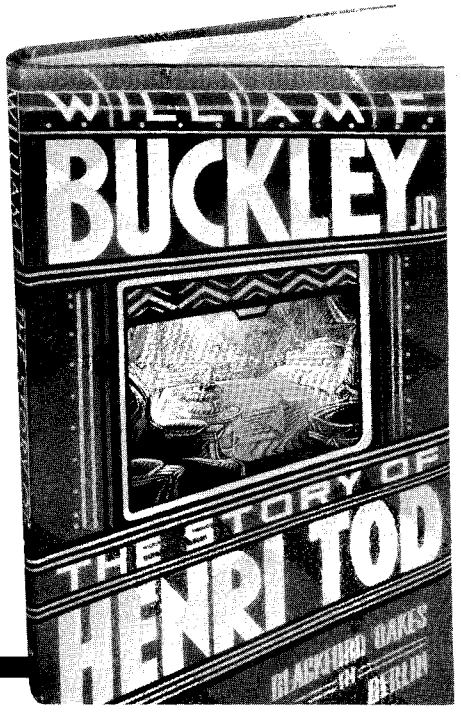

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THE PRINCESS'S PROBLEM

(All the Good Ones Are Married, Sort Of)

LET US DREAM a dream of liberation, a dream of young women . . . Susan does, as she leans back into the softness of her chair in her 19th-floor office at Rancour House, and lets her eyes rest on her small but privileged view of the East River.

The river moves out toward the Statue of Liberty. What does Liberty ask in 1986? Bring me your associate editors yearning to breathe free, your girl executives weary of the office air, your young lady lawyers with brisk efficient smiles and medicated wombs, your tired and hungry heiresses with advanced degrees—all your single women moving upward behind the glowing unopenable glass windows, who gaze at the brown river and ponder the passage of time, the promise of freedom.

Susan, however, is now thinking more concretely. She is waiting for Simon, the editor-in-chief at Rancour House, who will soon be by to discuss a manuscript. A 47-year-old married man, he often manages to discuss manuscripts with her at five. And for the last four years, their discussions have continued at a quiet bar down the street, and later, for greater comfort and privacy, at his *pied-à-terre* in the city. Susan feels her breath quicken as she thinks of Simon's approach. But she has learned that there is more to liberation than comfort and privacy with the most compelling and important man in the company.

Why are there no *single* men? Susan wonders. Or why are the ones she knows—even Arnold, her former lover—ultimately so tiresome? Arnold is the author of a novel that has been sitting in manuscript on Simon's desk for more than two months. Occasionally, Susan reminds Simon that he should read it. Two weeks ago he said he would get to it by the end of the week.

Arnold always makes Susan feel guilty. He wants to marry her, but she knows it is impossible. He is so unsettled, always struggling: for literary recognition, love from her, money from anywhere. He seems to need constant affirmation of his manhood, and even sex itself seems a test for him rather than an expression of virility and desire. Doesn't he know that she needs his manliness to feel sexual herself?

Simon, on the other hand, is already a man, tested and assured. A father, a husband, he evokes her deepest femininity. Arnold now merely evokes her affectionate concern and vague resentment. How can she want to marry Arnold when Arnold is struggling to be like Simon and she can have Simon himself? How can she make a bet on an unpublished author when she can have the editor-in-chief?

The rest of the single men around seem even more out of the question than Arnold. Full of sexual urgency and ego-sensitivity, vain postures and tall stories, they always try too hard. And the more they try, the more she tends to prefer, as single men go, the homosexuals who predominate in the lower echelons of Rancour House.

So Susan's dream of liberation comes to focus on Simon. She wants him to divorce his wife, Jane. The hometown girl he wed when he was a young reporter in the Midwest, Jane has failed to keep up with his new cosmopolitan interests and advanced social views. Simon has told Susan that his marriage is a charade, continued only for the sake of the children. But the children are now all in college. Simon has no further obligations. He should leave his wife and marry her. Yes, Susan decides, only marriage to Simon will relieve her of the unresolved guilts and anxieties she still has as she enters her thirties as a single woman.

Simon, too, is dreaming of liberation. Earlier, he had dreamed of "men's liberation": that Susan would be willing to sleep with him more often and without such solemnity. Why was she never available in the afternoon for what a friend of his called "matinees"? Why couldn't she be more understanding of his need to be home in the evening? But soon his feelings for her deepened. He saw that finally she could demand her own terms.

This meant he would need a divorce, and he wished divorces could be managed more smoothly and sensibly. Jane would not understand; and the truth was that in a way he still loved her; their life together was in general happy. And his children would certainly not understand. But however easily he had once been able to accept the routine passages of a middle-aged marriage, he had found his predicament almost unbearable since Susan first let her slip fall to the floor before him, magically dissolving his burden of years.

Simon and Susan would insist, however, that it isn't merely a matter of sex between them; together they attain a kind of human fulfillment they lack apart. They share the life of publishing. She understands his brilliant leader-

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Mr. Gilder is the author of Sexual Suicide, Wealth and Poverty, *and* The Spirit of Enterprise. *This article will appear in the new edition of* Sexual Suicide, *forthcoming from Pelican Books.*

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ship that made Rancour House an arena for all the most arresting and original new thinking and creativity. Simon, on the other hand, respects Susan's deft skills as an editor, her tact with sensitive authors, her sense of the coming fashion in ideas. Although Simon's wife appreciates his success, she is unwilling to plunge herself into the social whirl of the New York publishing world. Her heart remains in their Scarsdale home; Susan virtually lives in the office down the hall.

How can anyone deny Simon and Susan their modest but redemptive dream? A society that values freedom, sexuality, and human happiness can hardly balk at this inspiring fulfillment of its ideal. The only ones likely to object are Simon's wife (though the social politics of divorce no longer favor a woman who wants to hang on) and Arnold, who has almost no leverage.

The statistics of divorce and remarriage indicate that Susan and Simon, and hundreds of thousands like them, are gaining their dream. With children, separate housing, alimony, and divorce lawyers, the dream turns out to be more conflicted than they ever imagined in those exalted moments in Simon's New York apartment. But increasingly, older men are leaving their wives and children to marry young women like Susan. And these young women are increasingly able to choose their men regardless of marital status. With single men seeming such a dreary lot compared to the married ones, the limitless frontiers of married men open before ambitious young women as a liberation indeed seductive.

These are the winners of the "sexual revolution." As has long been clear to the political philosopher, but strangely obscure to the sexual liberal, freedom at some point becomes the enemy of equality and the ally of power. In sex, the most powerful people are young women. The next most powerful people are successful older men. They come together with a social and sexual electricity that jolts the conventions of monogamy to their foundations.

The power of young women stems partly from the male sex drive. For millions of years of human evolution, male eroticism has focused on fertile women. Even when children are not a prime purpose of the marriage, a man is still most compellingly attracted to young women who can bear them. While most men remain fertile into old age, women can bear children only with increasing peril and difficulty as they move into their forties. Thus by excluding from their sexual ken the millions of older women, all men put themselves at the sexual mercy of the relatively small group of unmarried women in their twenties and thirties. These women can command the sexual tribute of men aged from their twenties into their sixties.

In a society where monogamy rules—in which successful older men cannot easily leave their wives to marry again—young women exercise their power chiefly to tame the barbarians, to induce young single men to support them and their children in marriage. Under these conditions, young women have to take a chance that the single man they choose will be able to give them the life they want. They have to bet on the Arnolds of the world; and by choosing them and loving them and bearing their children, the young women greatly enhance the likelihood that struggling young single men will in fact become successful men like Simon.

With sexual liberation, however, a young woman can conceive an escape from the predicament of choosing a man "for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer." She can pursue a man who is already well off. The demographic data show that she will have a huge number of men from whom to choose, and that Arnold faces daunting competition.

Between the ages of twenty and forty, there are some 1.5 million more single men than single women. But the available group only begins with these relatively young men. Also entering the fray to pursue young women are nearly three million divorced and separated men between forty and 55. The vast majority will remarry, choosing women with a median age in the low thirties. If many of the still married men are also open to the appeals of a young

Young women and successful older men come together with a sexual electricity that jolts monogamy to its foundations

princess—and they are—her possibilities rise by millions more. And since close to three-quarters of the women between 25 and forty are already married, it is only a minority that will be pursuing the most attractive of the available men.

Liberation enthrones young women as a sexual aristocracy. For a span of some 15 to twenty magical years, many of them are sexual princesses who can dictate terms to the world. Yet there is something going wrong in their lives. Susan and many of her peers do not feel like princesses; they feel a little anxious and used. They even claim to be oppressed, like blacks and other minorities, and have sustained with other women a passionate national movement of feminism to press their charges. Why do young women with so much choice often feel afflicted? Why do so many of these young women with an apparent prodigality of options end up not marrying at all? What is the princess's problem?

If Susan is as smart as her reputation, she can find her clue in the river. As she looks out her exalted window, she knows that the river flows through her own life as well and erodes her throne. Simon may marry her, but he has demonstrated his willingness to philander. He may be less of a prize than he seems, particularly since the expenses of the divorce may greatly reduce his net worth and possibly even arouse some unconfessed resentment toward Susan. Each subsequent divorce becomes statistically more likely than the one before. If he has enough money, as Susan grows older or becomes too demanding, he might decide to cash in a third time.

On the other hand, as a sexual princess Susan has lived a life of luxurious sensuality, with men competing for her favor with ardent gymnastics. Her expectations are high. But a man's sexual aptitude and enthusiasm tend to decline as he grows older. Susan may feel cheated by Simon's declining fervor and allow her own eye to wander. He will sense it and feel threatened. As he proceeds through his sixties laden with wealth, he may even fear she would prefer him dead. He may marry his young

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nurse. The marriage won by our princess may be no picnic on the beach.

Nonetheless, if Susan succeeds in marrying Simon, there is no point denying they may well live happily ever after, beginning a new family of children in a setting of love and prosperity. Not everyone loses in the sexual revolution. The princess may become a queen. But it is also eminently possible—particularly as he explores in detail the painful complexities of divorce—that Simon will eventually refuse to marry her. Susan then will have given up four or five of her most marriageable years. She will be well into her thirties without a husband.

Suddenly she will discover that the sexual power she wielded so confidently before is rapidly vanishing. She will have to marry whoever happens to be available as her thirties pass by. If she waits too long, she may well find that even Arnold is no longer interested, particularly if he has at last managed to succeed in his career. He may reject her with regret. But reject her he finally will, in favor of a woman in her twenties.

Susan's search for another man will be hampered by the very code of liberation that made it possible for her to pursue Simon. She does not comprehend that men and women have radically differing sexual drives and situations. Thus she thinks that there is a close correlation between the men she can seduce and the men she might marry. But a young princess can seduce the vast majority of men. Unless very securely married, virtually any man will sleep with any attractive young woman. In Washington the liberated princess can sleep with senators. In Hollywood, with directors and movie stars. Everywhere she can sleep with her boss. Often she will be able to sleep with upwardly mobile young men who will profess love but never contemplate marrying her.

As a result, the failing young princess becomes bitter and cynical about men. Disdaining the ones who might love her, she gives herself to men who ultimately disdain her. Then all too often she gives herself to drugs and the bottle. Finally, she may even realize that she is a victim of a new generation of princesses like herself.

She will join many other victims. The most obvious evidence is the ever growing number of older divorcees. The number of divorced women nearly tripled during the 1970s and early 1980s. Between the ages of 35 and 65, there are some two million, or 50 per cent, more divorced or separated women than divorced or separated men.

The differing span of fertility of the two sexes means that unlike divorced men, most of whom find new wives within three years, women over forty only rarely remarry. The median age of these divorced women was approximately forty, while the median age of the women whom the men took as their second wives was about thirty. A woman divorced after forty—after her child-bearing years—is likely to spend the rest of her life unmarried. After 50, only 11.5 per cent of divorcees remarry.

Sexual liberals have long suggested that the older divorced women should marry the young men who are prevented from marrying by the older men with new young wives. But evolutionary biology and human psychology prevail against sexual convenience. Films and women's magazines may entertain their readers with stories of love between the two available generations of old and young. But except in show business, where the men often function more as paid escorts than as husbands and fathers, such marriages are rare.

Less obvious among the victims are those young men the princess passes up for a chance at a potentate. As Arnold's predicament suggests, despite all their proclamations to the contrary, young men have suffered profoundly from sexual liberation. This is true even at the bar and the bedside, where the fantasy of the single male, conquering young women without being caught in the coils of female sexuality, turns out to be frustratingly elusive. In *Sexual Behavior in the Seventies*, Morton Hunt, author of several previous books on sexual behavior, surveys voluminous data and finds that even in the realm of sex single men do

She thinks there is a close correlation between the men she can seduce and the men she might marry

less well than married men. Though they are more promiscuous, in the younger age groups single men have about one-fifth as much sexual activity as married men and less than half as much sexual activity as single women. An ambitious poll conducted in 1984 for the *New York Times* under the guidance of Joyce Brothers and the chairmen of the Psychology Departments at New York University and Princeton showed similar results.

But if the shortage of sexual partners is frustrating, not being able to find a marriage partner is a disaster. The social-science literature draws a picture that is perfectly clear. The single man is disposed to criminality, drugs, and violence. He is irresponsible about his debts, alcoholic, accident-prone, and susceptible to disease. Unless he can marry, he is often destined for a troubled life. According to famous data assembled by Jessie Bernard, single men are three times as prone to nervous breakdowns as are single women or married men. Reports from mental institutions show that single men are 22 times more likely than married men to be committed for mental disease. Lacking the stimulus of a family for which to provide, single men are also poorer than married men.

Single men have the highest mortality rate—from all causes—of any group, almost double that of married men and three times that of single women. Suicide is increasingly the way they die. Despite the publicity over teen suicide, the problem is not restricted to the young; after the perilous twenties, the older a man gets without marrying, the more likely he is to kill himself. Of course there are many forms of suicide that go by other names: Single men excel at all of them.

Altogether, the pattern of mortality among single men is so various and inexorable that it suggests an organic source: a failure of the will to live, a disconnection from the life source itself as it arises in society. Discussing the high suicide rates of single men throughout Europe in the nineteenth century, Emile Durkheim wrote: "The bond attaching the [single] man to life relaxes because that attaching him to society is in itself slack."

Other bonds slacken as well. The most crucial cause of

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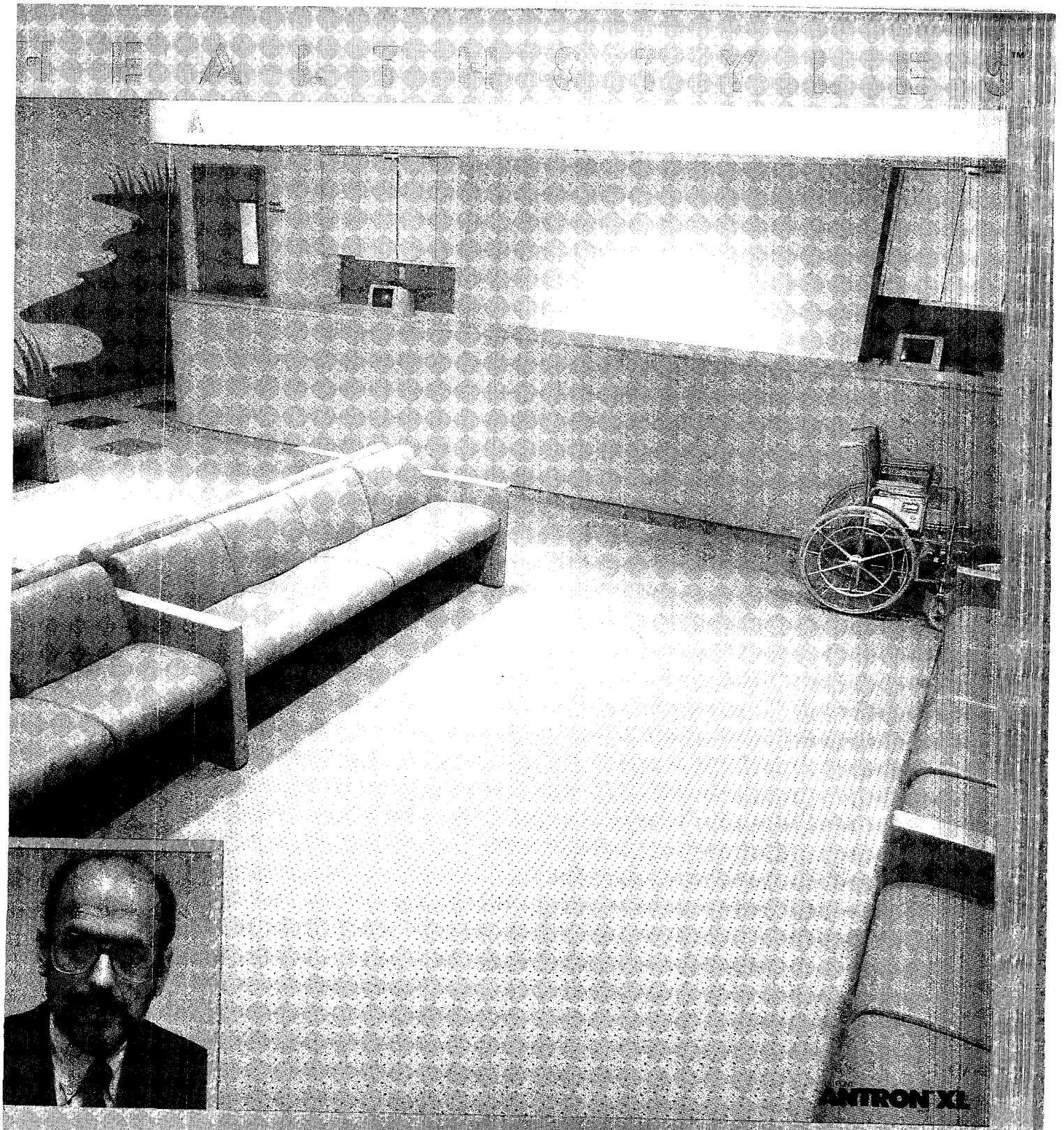

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the rise in homosexuality in America in recent decades is the emancipation of men from monogamy. When men leave their aging wives to marry young women or maintain young mistresses, they create, in effect, a system of polygamy, or more specifically polygyny, in which powerful men, like Simon, have more than one young woman. The annals of anthropology offer few examples of a correlation so complete as that between human societies that tolerate polygyny and societies with conspicuous practice of homosexuality. George P. Murdock's world ethnographic sample of some 580 societies examined by anthropologists indicates a nearly exact correspondence between the two forms of behavior.

The legendary pattern of the Arab world—sheiks with harems and homosexuality pervasive—is exemplary. By allowing a man to have up to four legal wives—and concubines as well—Islam made it impossible for many young men to find nubile women. Although Islam, like other religions, condemns sodomy and pederasty—and some Moslem states have imposed the death penalty for such behavior—polygyny assures that homosexuality will be rampant in Moslem areas. Wherever monogamy breaks down, however, from Western Australian tribes studied by Edward Westermarck to idyllic Tahiti, from the Mojave Indians examined by George Devereaux to sexually liberated Western Europe, polygyny produces homosexuality. For all the complexities of particular cases, a homosexual culture, whether in prisons, at sea, or in polygamous societies, originates with a lack of available young women. Like aging, lonely divorcees, like female-headed families in the ghetto or the suburbs, homosexuality reflects the state of breakdown that occurs when the constraints of civilization—the longer horizons of female sexuality as expressed in unliberated sexual mores and the bonds of marriage—succumb to the demands of male power.

The only undeniable winners in the sexual revolution are powerful men. Under a regime of sexual liberation, some men can fulfill the paramount dream of most men everywhere. They can have the nubile years of more than one young woman. Whether a man takes these young women simultaneously, staying married and having mistresses, or whether he marries two or more young wives in succession, or whether he merely lives with young women without marriage makes little difference to the social consequences.

Duncan, *Punch* / Rothco

"You're a man of the world, Miss Wallis. Tell me, what are sexist remarks really like?"

The removal of restrictions on sexual activity does not bring equality and community. It brings ever more vicious sexual competition. The women become "easier" for the powerful to get—but harder for others to keep. Divorces become "easier"—except on divorced older women. Marriages become more "open"—open not only for the partners to get out but also for the powerful to get in.

A man may relinquish liberty, property, and power to the state. But if he has to give up his wife to his boss, he is unmanned

Monogamy is central to any democratic social contract, designed to prevent a breakdown of society into the "war of every man against every man." In order to preserve order, a man may relinquish liberty, property, and power to the state. But if he has to give up his wife to his boss, he is unmanned. A society of open sexual competition, in which the rich and powerful—or the sexually attractive—can command large numbers of women, is a society with the most intolerable hierarchy of all.

Monogamy is egalitarianism in the realm of love. It is a mode of rationing. It means—to put it crudely—one to a customer. Competition is intense enough even so, because of the sexual inequality of human beings. But under a regime of monogamy there are limits. One may covet one's neighbor's wife or husband, one may harbor fantasies of teeny-boppers, but one generally does not act on one's lusts. One does not abandon one's own wife when she grows older to take a woman who would otherwise go to a younger man. One does not raid the marriages of others. Thus a balance is maintained, and each generation gets its only true sexual rights: the right to a wife or husband and the right to participate in the future of the race through children.

It is not a ruthlessly strict system. Philandering erodes love and family values but it does not necessarily destroy them. Many divorces, particularly the 50 per cent occurring among young couples without children, may be relatively harmless. But the essential rules are necessary to a just and democratic society. A breakdown in the sexual order will bring social ills and injustices far more grievous than the usual inequalities of money and power.

A society is essentially an organism. We cannot simply exclude a few million women from the fabric of families, remarry their husbands to younger women, and quietly return to our business as if nothing has happened. What has happened is a major rupture in the social system.

The overall result is sexual pressure on most men and most marriages. It is sexual turbulence and struggle extended throughout the society. It is fatherless children and childless fathers. It is men and women lost in the sexual shuffle and left unloved. It is a cycle of sexual warfare, female liberation and male counter-revolution, in which the only sure result is an ever larger band of vindictive losers. □

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HAVE THE DEMOCRATS COME BACK TO EARTH?

OF ALL THE speeches at the 1984 Republican National Convention, Jeane Kirkpatrick's was probably the only one that was remembered 24 hours after it was given. Her attack on Democratic foreign policy made "Blame America First" the most memorable phrase of the campaign. The reason seems fairly simple: It rang true, or close enough to true to unnerve some Democrats. The Democrats' 15-year charge to the left, lately spearheaded by younger leaders who had attained political consciousness in the era of Mylai and napalm, had finally become a scandal.

Vietnam hadn't done it: Everybody opposed the war in the end. The McGovern campaign probably struck most Americans as incidental: It was not reason enough to doubt the party that had fought the cold war, and all the hot wars. But in the past few years the younger McGovernites—including many congressmen first elected in the Watergate year of 1974—had made increasingly obvious their inability to believe that America was a force for good in the world. The uncontrolled Democratic disgust over a Grenada invasion overwhelmingly approved by most Americans was merely the best symbol of American alienation from Democratic leftism. Even *The New Republic* remarked, two months before the election, "We find ourselves more in agreement with the foreign-policy principles set forth in the Republican platform than in the Democratic."

Other than Mrs. Kirkpatrick's speech, however, the 1984 campaign saw few Republican attempts to exploit this Democratic weakness. Playing it safe, concerned about the "gender gap" and claims that Reagan was a warmonger, Republican strategists were too afraid of appearing strong to make the Democrats appear weak. Reagan carried 49 states. But in the congressional elections, the Watergate class of Democrats and the similarly left-wing class of 1982 got away nearly unscathed. Indeed, two of the more left-wing members of the class of 1974, Paul Simon and Tom Harkin, were promoted to the Senate. The prospect was that Democratic foreign policy, unpunished by the Republicans, would get even worse. Again at *The New Republic*, Morton Kondracke remarked: "The center and soul of the Democratic Party has gone very nearly pacifist."

Thus the general surprise when, in the months after the election, the Democrats, perilously close to the leftward edge of the earth, seemed to come about. Both the rhetoric of Democratic leaders and the voting records of Democratic members seemed to improve, enough so that some anti-Communist hawks began speculating about real changes of heart, and the political press began to write of the possibility of a bipartisan foreign policy. At the very least, the Democrats have firmed up their foreign-policy record enough to complicate severely the politics of 1986; Republicans who missed the chance to deliver a clean blow in 1984 may now find foreign policy the campaign equivalent of cracking a safe. Yet the truth is that a close look at the Democratic record in Congress shows most liberal Democrats to have done more rephrasing than rethinking.

Edging Away

IN APRIL 1985, a re-elected Reagan sought to revive military aid for the Nicaraguan *Contras*. The House said no. But some Democrats already were edging away from America-bashing. For the first time, they were criticizing Communists as well as America.

On April 23, in the Senate, Ted Kennedy chastised Nicaragua for working with "the enemies of freedom . . . the Libyans, the Bulgarians, the PLO." Christopher Dodd of Connecticut said that "what is at stake here is the security of our country." Freshman John Kerry of Massachusetts wrapped his anti-*Contra* stance in "traditional American values." The Senate went along with Reagan, 53 to 46, but with only nine of 47 Democrats in support, and only after he promised to spend the $14 million on something other than military goods.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz

ON THE House side, Edward Boland of Massachusetts (author of the Boland Amendment forbidding the U.S. to aid the overthrow of the Sandinistas) conceded that Nicaragua gave "arms, ammunition, communications, logistics, training, and safe haven to insurgents attempting to topple the government of El Salvador"—something Democratic liberals had normally denied. Even acidic anti-Reaganite Mary Rose Oakar of Ohio conceded, "We all oppose censorship. We are all offended by Sandinista rudeness to the Pope. We reject arbitrary arrest."

She was not offended enough to do anything about it. Representatives Boland, Oakar, and 246 others said no to the *Contras*. House Democratic leaders shamelessly circulated Sandinista promises to end press restrictions and evict some Cubans. Every single Democrat in the large delegations of California, Ohio, Michigan, Massachusetts, and New Jersey spurned the *Contras*. Rhetoric had strayed right while House Democratic policy stayed left. The next day, a Republican package of "humanitarian aid," to be administered by the

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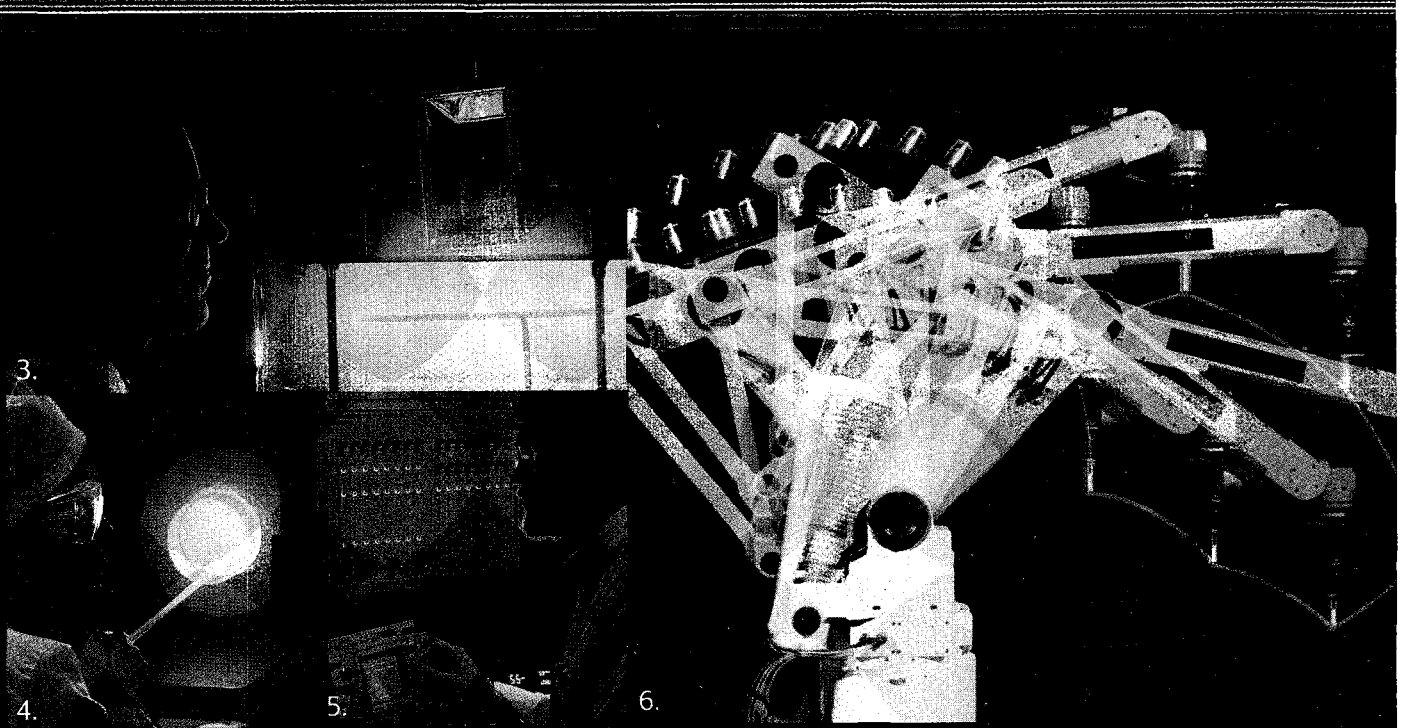

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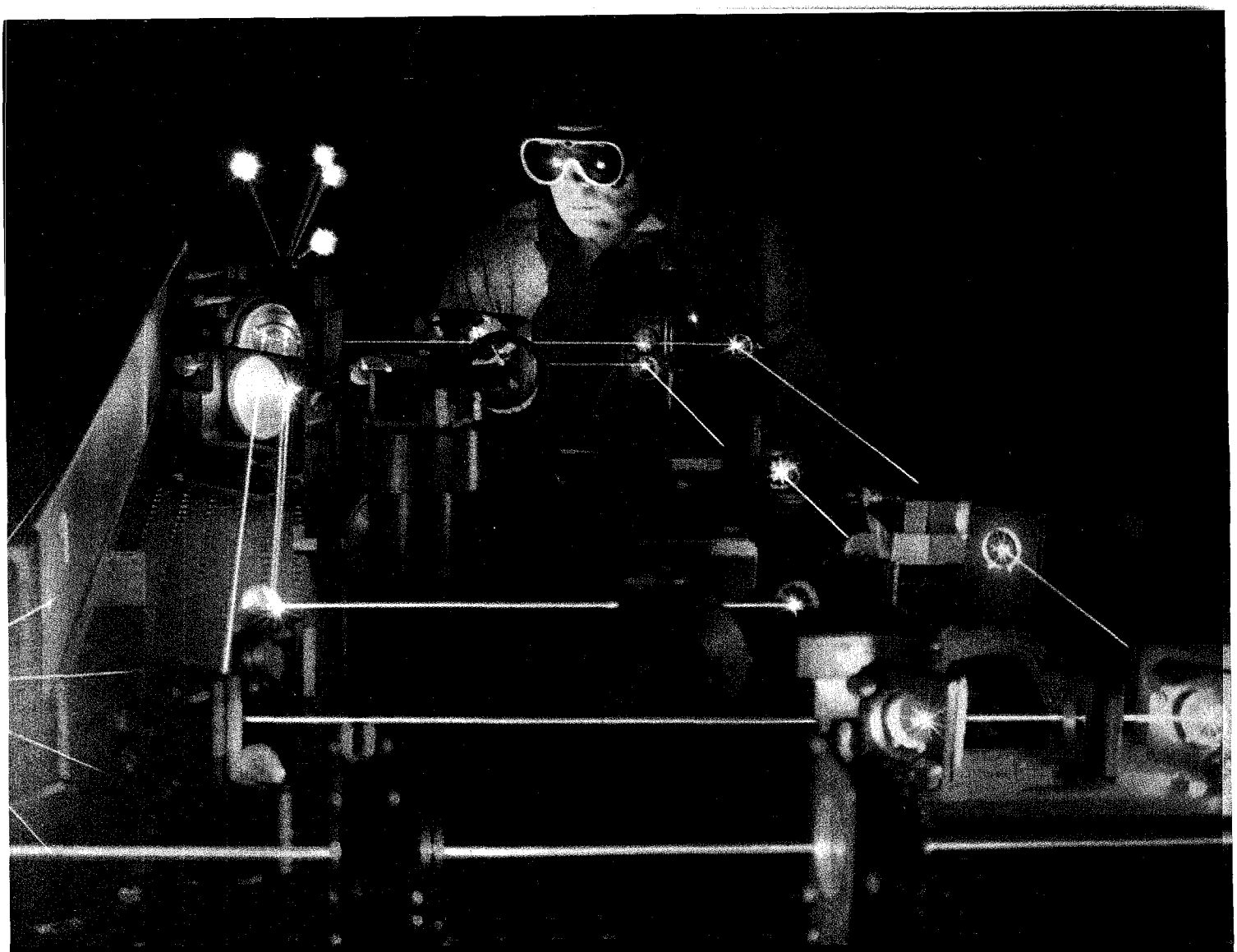

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Agency for International Development (as opposed to the hated CIA), lost by two votes. Anti-Communists were despondent.

Then in June and July, there was a pell-mell sprint to the center. Several dozen House Democrats—Southern moderates like Dave McCurdy of Oklahoma and practical liberals like Les Aspin of Wisconsin, Norm Dicks of Washington, and Dan Glickman of Kansas—pulled away from the extremists on various issues. The results were heartening.

The annual attempt by unilateralists to eliminate the D-5 missile, which will give Trident II subs "silo-busting" capability against Soviet ICBMs, lost one-seventh of its 1984 support. An anti-El Salvador amendment by Representative John Conyers of Michigan netted only 47 votes (a similar try in May 1984 had won 128 votes). The House followed the Senate in dumping the Clark Amendment, thus opening the way to aiding pro-Western elements in Angola. By a seventy-vote margin, the House limited non-food economic aid to the Marxist regime in Mozambique. The Walker spy scandal even pushed 161 House Democrats toward allowing lie-detector tests for certain Pentagon workers. There was more [see box, p. 37].

The Hard-Core Left

MOST IMPORTANTLY, *Contra* aid, albeit non-military, won 248 votes on June 12. (Senate support had reached 55 six days before that.) Said Representative Bill Richardson of New Mexico, a former Sandinista apologist: "For nine or ten months, this Congress has voted no on aid to the *Contras*. That hasn't worked. . . . I am willing to give the President of the United States a chance and the benefit of the doubt. . . . This is one of the most agonizing votes I have had." In July, Richardson attached an amendment to the foreign-aid bill that riddled, if only with rhetoric, Fidel Castro.

Congressman Richardson, with ADA ratings in the eighties and a trail of anti-Reagan floor statements, was not typical. A zealous McGovernite and chairman of the Hispanic Caucus, there he was voting for military harassment of the Sandinistas. It was more than a gesture: His anguish showed. Richardson stands out because he stood up.

Other liberals preferred to bend rather than stand. About five dozen House Democrats voted to send $5 million to Cambodia, where the situation is almost hopeless, one month after they voted against the $27 million for Nicaragua, where the hemisphere is at stake. An even bigger group gave no ground to realism: Eighty Democrats voted against *any* toughening of position—in Angola, Cambodia, Mozambique, or Nicaragua.

Representative Stephen Solarz of New York, the chief collector for the Cambodian resistance, seemed to be all calculation and little anguish. He voted with the extremists on Nicaragua, Angola, Mozambique, the D-5 missile, and chemical weaponry. On July 11, he was one of 92 Democrats to oppose amending military law to allow execution of spies in peacetime.

On the left, there were several zigs and zags; passionate changes in philosophy were rare. "The hard-core left-wingers did not really change," notes Representative Vin Weber (R., Minn.). "But the people in the middle, who followed them in the last Congress, now see a political price to be paid." On CBS Radio, traditional Democrat Ben Wattenberg put it a bit differently: "The change that's going on—a moderate one, to be sure—is among moderate Democrats. They are now the critical congressional power bloc."

The usual explanation for the most visible change, on *Contra* funding, was Nicaraguan dictator Ortega's trip to Moscow right after April's "no" votes. But there had to be more involved, and it's tempting to guess how much more. Perhaps fifty Democratic legislators got together, read the polls, and passed out assignments: "Senator Kerry, come out for strengthening the Philippine armed forces. Representative Bill Alexander, make a fighting speech for binary chemical weapons. Representative Les Aspin, declare that the party can't be the 'Dr. No of the defense debate.' Steve Solarz, arrange to send the non-Communist Cambodians some pocket change." And so forth. Things do happen that way, sometimes.

Then again, the process may have been so subtle that crass calculation wasn't needed. Kondracke thinks Ronald Reagan won the House in 1985 mainly because he had won the argument in 1984: "All the major Democratic candidates tried to represent him as right-wing long after that was plausible. His foreign policy was obviously advancing democracy in Central America and bringing the Russians back to the table to talk seriously. More and more Democrats found it harder to argue with Reagan's success."

The best bet is that everything had some impact: Ortega's trip, Reagan's record, the Administration's shift from military to humanitarian aid, lobbying in the hinterlands between the April and June votes by Citizens for Reagan and other groups, José Napoleón Duarte's tough centrism in El Salvador, serious rethinking by (some) House moderates, and last summer's general atmosphere of get-even-with-spies-and-hijackers. No one knows which factor produced what degree of hardening on whose part.

By August, as Congress passed the first foreign-aid money bill in four years, House Foreign Affairs Committee Chairman Dante Fascell of Florida could say: "We're getting there, in terms of trying to forge a bipartisan foreign policy." But "getting there" required some unwelcome Republican shifts, some of them more substantive than Democratic moves to the right. Unlike the Democratic doings, Republican softenings have not been widely noted.

"That's the other half of the story," Kondracke argues. "Ronald Reagan has slowly been pushed to the center by the Democrats. They eliminated any chance of his backing Roberto d'Aubuisson over Duarte in El Salvador. Their pressure compelled the President to send George Bush to deliver that public warning against death squads. Last spring, Reagan accepted SALT II. Now they're cleaning up the *Contras*." The list of Republican bows to osmotic bipartisanship gets longer all the time.

Republican Retreat

ON DEFENSE, there will be no more increases in inflation-adjusted Pentagon spending. For this fiscal year Reagan and Defense Secretary Weinberger agreed to an indexed freeze on outlays. But Gramm-Rudman is about to ruin that, and fiscal 1987 will see a two-party congressional consensus for sharper reductions. The military reformers finally have the climate they need to shake up the Pentagon. Even Weinberger appears open to the suggestions of the Packard

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Commission. The landscape is drastically different from that of the first Reagan term.

There is also "one policy" on South Africa: sanctions, yes; constructive engagement, no. Based on the precedents of last summer, pious liberals will periodically get skittish Republicans to push the Administration to tighten the screws. The GOP could have taken the high ground by sounding off against apartheid, while lauding the reformist work of American firms in South Africa. Gains in union rights, health, and education among black workers would make the human case for *more* American involvement. Instead, bipartisanship has carried policy the opposite way, toward the McGovernite assumption that American businesses are part of South Africa's problem, rather than part of its solution. This is one more version of Blame America First.

The New Bipartisanship

THERE IS also "one policy" on Angola. Democrats and the Reagan State Department can live without the ban on aid to Jonas Savimbi's UNITA forces, as long as the U.S. doesn't take the next step—delivering the aid. State values an accord on Namibia more than it does helping Savimbi. While Angola's President Eduardo dos Santos was lambasting America and making ready to give his Cuban mercenaries citizenship, State was taking pride in the teamwork with House Democrats that bottled up the Pepper-Kemp bill, which would have meant $27 million for UNITA.

Nicaragua represents a decision deferred: The *Contras* are bankrolled to harass Ortega & Co., while a White House letter tells Representative McCurdy, "We do not seek the military overthrow of the Sandinista government." This is a military quarantine by proxy, and it's better than nothing. But recent intelligence estimates suggest President Ortega will outlast President Reagan.

On the Strategic Defense Initiative, the "consensus" among congressional Democrats and the National Security Council is truly bizarre. SDI is merely a *research program*, they say, to preserve the testing and deployment option for a future President. Like maybe Gary Hart? What happened to the visionary effort launched by Ronald Reagan only three years ago?

Jack Kennedy aimed us to the moon, with much fanfare. The goal was understood by every taxpayer and every schoolchild. It is Reagan's ambition to shield civilization from nuclear attack. If so, he should be on all three networks showing it can work, using film of dummy warheads being shot down. He should give taxpayers and schoolkids a stake in the program, so no Democrat can kill it, or even question its moral worth.

SDI is supposed to be a nuclear shield, but Reagan's NSC would rather have the program shielded from public view, which is an excellent way to make it an MX-style political fiasco. Last year, timidity on SDI denied the Administration the funding it wanted. The Democrats are understandably happy to go along with the NSC approach.

Panic over South Africa, a bloody status quo in and around Nicaragua, lip-service to Jonas Savimbi, anti-SDI political attrition—these are the undesirable elements of the new bipartisanship. Not only that, but House Democrats can perhaps look forward to a time when, with the GOP not pressing its advantage, they won't have to make so many dashes to the center for safety.

"There is a surface bipartisanship in the House," according to Dan Fisk of the House Republican Study Commit-

A Democratic Awakening?

THE SHIFT in sentiment in the House in 1985 can be viewed from four angles: 1) Where did conservatives lose ground? 2) Which votes maintained the pattern of the President's first term? 3) When did a movement of twenty to fifty Democrats reverse the House but not the Democratic Caucus? And 4), most important, when did House Democrats *as a group* vote to understand the world?

Date (1985)	Policy Question	Whole House	House Democrats
	Distinct Slippage for Conservatives & White House		
June 20	$1.2 billion for SDI	315 to 104 no	232 to 7 no
	Continuation of 1981-84 Pattern		
April 22	End security aid to Chile	206 to 191 no	168 to 58 yes
April 23	Military aid to *Contras*	248 to 180 no	208 to 40 no
July 11	Link Philippine aid to military reforms and human rights	245 to 169 yes	210 to 34 yes
	Shifts in House Majority Resisted by Democrats		
June 12	Extend ban on U.S. help for military operations in Nicaragua	232 to 196 no	189 to 58 yes
June 12	$27 million in "humanitarian" *Contra* aid	248 to 184 yes	177 to 73 no
June 19	$124 million for binary chemical weaponry	223 to 196 yes	164 to 80 no
July 10	Repeal 1976 Clark Amendment	236 to 185 yes	179 to 60 no
	Positive Shifts within the Democratic Caucus		
June 19	Delete production funds for D-5 missile	342 to 79 no	167 to 79 no
June 26	Lie-detector tests for defense workers handling secrets	333 to 71 yes	161 to 69 yes
July 9	$5 million for Cambodian freedom-fighters	288 to 122 yes	132 to 104 yes
July 10	Force El Salvador to complete land reform and negotiate with guerrillas	375 to 47 no	195 to 47 no

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tee, "because the more rational liberals put anti-Communist credentials in their résumés, and because some moderate Democrats felt betrayed by their leadership on *Contra* aid back in April. However, the radicals still set the House's defense and foreign-policy agendas. The good guys mainly react."

"All things considered, the country is slightly better off than two years ago," says Republican Vin Weber. "Not because of some permanent change in the political landscape, but because events have caused some Democrats to move to the right. I suspect 1988 will find the foreign-policy radicals again driving the party."

In 1988, the Democratic presidential sweepstakes, especially the caucuses, will be dominated by left-wing trade unions, the NEA, NOW, SANE, and Jesse Jackson's Third World rhetoric. Against all of that will stand a dwindling part of the AFL-CIO, Senator Sam Nunn, and public-opinion polls. Not exactly an even match.

The Blame America Firsters still have at least a hundred seats in the House. Their nesting ground remains the Foreign Affairs Committee. Of its 42 members, 25 are Democrats, and 22 of those had ADA ratings in 1984 of 65 or higher. At least half the panel's Democrats speak and vote as if blind to Communism. They have ideological majorities on key subcommittees: Africa, Arms Control, Asian and Pacific Affairs, and Human Rights. When inadequate counterpressure is put on Chairman Fascell, the McGovernites get away with a lot of damage.

According to Representative Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.): "The Democrats are capable at a language level of co-opting the Reagan attitude—that the world is a dangerous place—partly because the Administration has not forced them to follow through with real behavior." The White House sometimes doesn't even force its own State Department to follow through with real behavior.

That is sad, because the heartland already grasps the basics of foreign policy, if not of the details of every particular choice. An array of polls taken in late 1983 and early 1984 showed 83 per cent support for "counteracting Soviet and Cuban efforts" in Latin America. Majorities saw Nicaragua's regime as a threat to U.S. security. Forced to choose between "right-wing dictators" and Communists in Latin America, those polled split 47 to 5 per cent (with 34 per cent saying neither). That means the subliminal liberal bias toward the Sandinistas is shared by only one of every twenty Americans.

By 75 to 20 per cent, Americans agreed that "most Communist countries are just puppets of the Soviet Union." By 73 to 23 per cent, people said that "Communism threatens our religious and moral values." Huge majorities in the Southern states are anti-Communist partly because they fear a flood of refugees from Central America. Renewed faith in American inventiveness (cf. the entrepreneurial craze on campus) could translate into real support for—indeed excitement over—SDI. And we probably don't need a survey to guess how many Americans favor low-interest loans to Gorbachev and the East Germans, loans congressional conservatives try to stop, but which the Administration allows.

That body of popular sentiment constitutes a big opening for most Republicans and all conservatives. Three factors work against its exploitation: the traditional American aversion to military adventurism and "foreign aid"; the defensive tendencies of the national Republican Party; and, finally, the conceptual timidity of some presidential appointees at State, the NSC, and other places. The first factor could be minimized if the second and third problems were dealt with.

At present, the "Reagan Doctrine" of aiding freedom-fighters is supported by no better than a third of the country. Given the citizenry's intuitive anti-Communism, converting another fourth by 1988 is possible. The reward would be an informed majority hostile to most of what congressional Democrats want to do. But a White House inner circle that's allergic to innovation won't get from here to there.

The fates have not been unkind. El Salvador continues to look hopeful, and Ronald Reagan can be relied on in a crunch to prevent some of the détentists' disasters. But it would be so much better to force the fundamentals of how each political party chooses to manage policy in a dangerous world. One party is generally on the side of objective reality and the American mainstream, but it still hasn't learned to act that way. When it does, Western civilization will have an enduring majority in Congress, no matter which party has numerical control. □

"Miss Carruthers, I'm reviewing third-quarter sales. The next sound you hear will be me hitting the ceiling."

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HOW TO LIE WITH STATISTICS

Nearly two years ago, Charles Murray published the now famous Losing Ground, *a careful and comprehensive argument for the proposition that the welfare state hurts the poor.* Losing Ground *was easily the most important public-policy treatise in several years. Written in crisp prose comprehensible to a congressman on a campaign, the book initially took Washington by storm and shook the redoubts of poverty scholarship. Even* The New Republic *published a strong endorsement by Nicholas Lemann.*

There was, however, too much at stake for the poverty mandarins. The counterattack came soon, culminating in a grand assault at the December 1984 Williamsburg Conference on Poverty, sponsored by the all-important Institute for Research on Poverty. The counterattack was, in political terms, a huge success. It produced paper after scholarly paper, all chock full of statistics apparently refuting Murray. The few conservatives at the conference were incapable of responding to this avalanche of numbers on the spot.

The irony of the onslaught is that Losing Ground *crunches no numbers. Far from being the morass of slippery statistics that it has been portrayed as,* Losing Ground *is transparently simple in its use of numbers and cautious in their interpretation. Murray even took the extraordinary step of including all the raw data he used in an appendix, expressing his misplaced hope that doing so would promote a reasoned debate about what the data meant.*

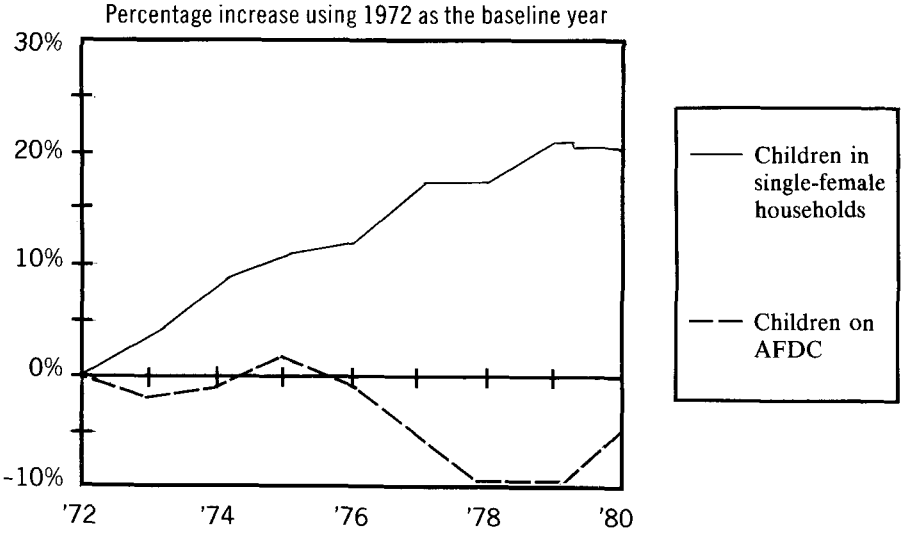
Instead, the critics have played the kinds of games with numbers that Murray painstakingly avoided. Murray published a critique of his critics in the Fall 1985 issue of Political Science Quarterly. *He has never publicly responded, however, to one of the most widely publicized "refutations" of his thesis, based on a paper by David Elwood and Robert Summers of Harvard. Their data were applied in an influential attack on* Losing Ground *written by Robert Greenstein for* The New Republic. *From 1972 to 1980, Greenstein reported, the number of black children in female-headed households* rose *by 20 per cent while the number of black children on welfare* fell *by 5 per cent. "If AFDC is to blame for illegitimacy," Greenstein wrote triumphantly, "why did the black AFDC population decline at the same time that black female-headed households were increasing rapidly?"*

This argument has been used repeatedly to dismiss Murray's thesis that in destroying families and thus communities welfare does far more harm than good. When challenged to respond by a reporter from the Wall Street Journal, *Murray did so in a private letter that is a classic demonstration of how simple statistics can be misused. Because it demolishes a false argument that has been so widely repeated, and as a lesson in how to assess flashy statistics, we are printing an edited version of Murray's letter for the record.*

FIRST I CHECKED OUT Greenstein's assertion that illegitimacy was going up while welfare dependency was falling (in technical terms, that the number of children in single-female-headed families was going up while the number of children on Aid to Families with Dependent Children was dropping). He had used only the figures for blacks. For convenience I started with the more commonly available figures for the entire population (though I eventually got around to using black-only figures, as will become clear below). Using 1972 as a baseline year, just as Greenstein had, I found that he was right. From 1972 to 1980 the number of children in homes without fathers rose by 20 per cent, though the number of children on AFDC fell by about 5 per cent—the identical changes, oddly, that Greenstein reported for blacks. This is the graph:

When Children Are the Measure

Percentage increase using 1972 as the baseline year



Then I asked myself: Why count *children*? The brunt of Greenstein's logic is that the formation of single-parent households has nothing to do with welfare. But it is mothers who decide to go on welfare. The children

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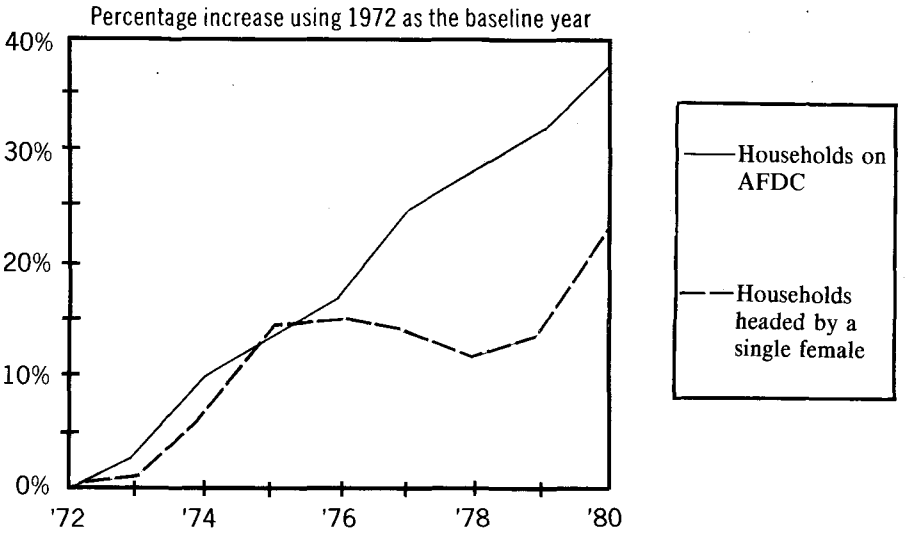
don't take a vote. Greenstein must show (to make his point) that the number of single mothers rose even while the number of single mothers going on welfare fell, but the statistic he reports doesn't say that. Greenstein's logic depends on the assumption (not mentioned to the reader) that family size in welfare and non-welfare families happened to change in tandem.

To see this, imagine a world that in 1972 consisted of one hundred families headed by single women, fifty of which families were on welfare and fifty of which were not. All these families have three children, so that there are 150 children on welfare and 150 not. Now imagine that by 1980 the world has grown so that there are two hundred families without fathers, still split in the same proportions, so that now there are one hundred on welfare and one hundred not. But imagine also that average family size in the welfare families has dropped to one child. The number of children in fatherless families of all types combined has grown by 33 per cent, from three hundred to four hundred, but the number of children on welfare has fallen by 33 per cent, from 150 to one hundred. A Greenstein Effect is produced even though nothing has changed with regard to the proportion of women choosing to go on welfare.

Turning to the actual figures, I found that this is just what did happen. From 1972 to 1980, the average number of children in welfare families did drop, while the average number of children in fatherless families not on welfare rose slightly. Here is the graph:

When Families Are the Measure



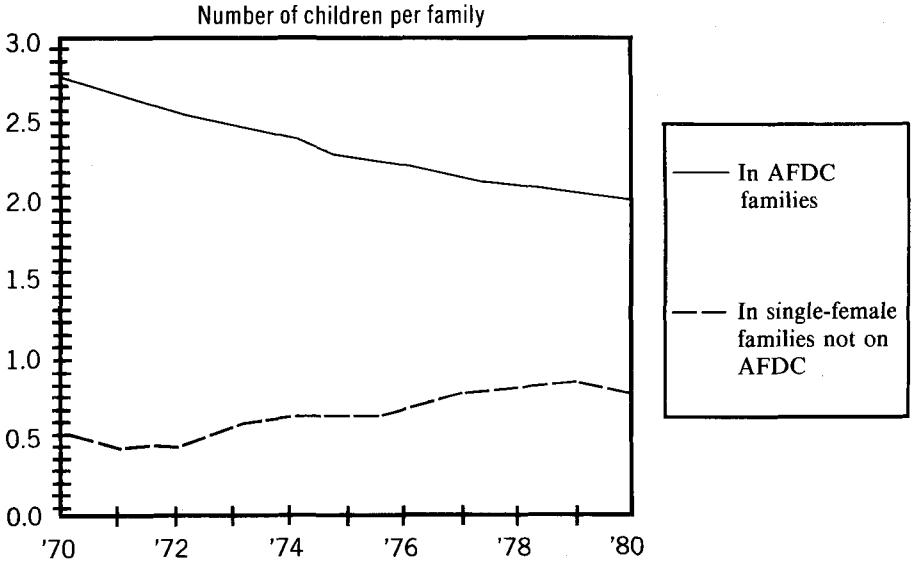
Why was the size of welfare families falling? Who knows? But just for fun, imagine a world in which each new baby adds substantially to the cash payoff provided by welfare. The welfare mother might be able to "make it up in volume": It might pay to have a lot of babies, or at least the incentive to avoid having more babies might be very slight. Now imagine that the world changes over a period of years—as it did in reality during the late 1960s and early 1970s—to a system in which the first baby provided substantial payoffs (e.g., an apartment, personal medical care, etc.) that are invariant over the number of children, greatly reducing the marginal payoff from additional children. What would you predict as the trend in average family size among families playing in this system?

For whatever reasons (the cause is not important to the question of what is wrong with Greenstein's argument), the average number of children in welfare families did drop during the 1970s. Children as a unit of aggregation was not only a non-intuitive choice for the statistic to back up Greenstein's point, it was a misleading one. Using the proper measure, families, the graph (above) looks very different.

Suddenly Greenstein's statistic (applied to the entire welfare population instead of just blacks) becomes less compelling. Both the number of families headed by single females and the number of welfare families rose, though the number of families headed by a single female rose more—38 per cent versus 23 per cent. This is not a finding that leaps off the page.

Next question: Why did Greenstein pick 1972 as his starting point? In choosing starting and stopping points for a statistical comparison over a number of years the best reasons for picking one time instead of another are substantive ones, whereby the end points coincide with events that might explain the numbers in some way. But lacking such substantive reasons—and I know of no substantive reason for picking 1972 and 1980 in this case—the kosher thing to do is pick round numbers, like decades. Comparing 1970 to 1980 is natural; comparing 1972 to 1980 is odd. So I recalculated the data using 1970 as a baseline. You guessed

Part of the Explanation



Mr. Murray, the author of Losing Ground, *is a senior fellow of the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research, and formerly chief scientist of the American Institutes for Research.*

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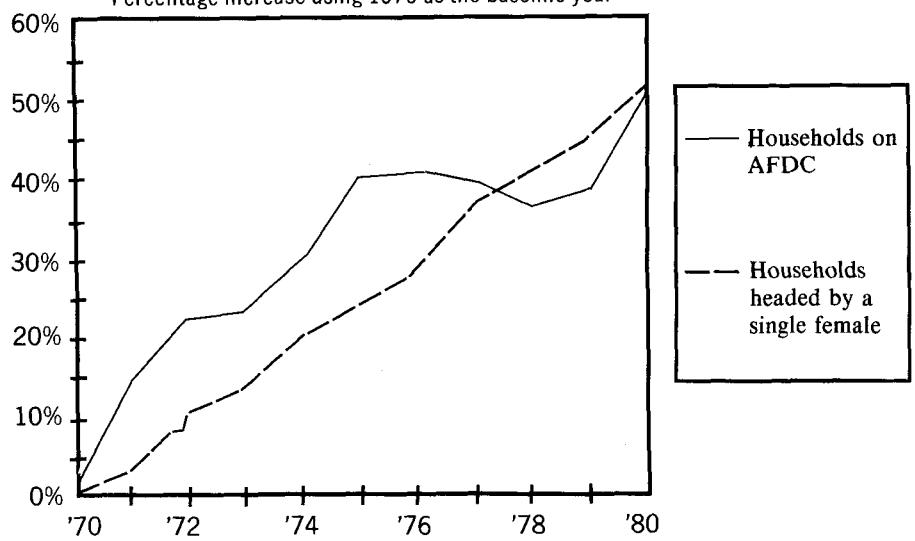
it: The graph (at right) changed radically.

If we use 1970 as the baseline year, by 1980 the number of families headed by single females and the number of families on welfare had risen *by identical percentages*, 51 per cent in both cases.

I had one more question: Why did Greenstein use blacks rather than the entire population? I decided to spend a few minutes at the Library of Congress getting the data. I ended up spending three hours, unsuccessfully. The data by race that I could find (in "Recipient Characteristics Studies" published by the Social Security Administration) on welfare families were available for only every two years: 1969, 1971, 1973, and so on, with 1979 being the most recent study at the library. So I cannot reproduce Greenstein's 1972-80 comparison, substituting black families for black children. If one uses 1971 and 1979 as the end points, the correct statement of the situation is: "The number of black families headed by single women increased 52 per cent while the number of black families on welfare increased by 38 per cent," again not a finding that leaps off the page. And if the end points are 1969 and 1979, things look even worse for Greenstein's argument. Then the statement is: "The number of black families headed by single females increased by 81 per cent, while the number of black families on AFDC increased by 104 per cent" (uh-oh . . .).

When 1970 Is Used as the Baseline

Percentage increase using 1970 as the baseline year



Having gone through this exercise, and enjoyed it, there is still a valid point Greenstein could have made with these data, and it goes something like this (saying it from my point of view, not Greenstein's): By the late 1970s, the major reforms in the welfare system were over. Indeed, the attractiveness of welfare was beginning to diminish. Law enforcement in poor communities was slowly beginning to stiffen. Education was beginning to pull out of its nosedive, at least in middle-class schools, and progress would spread to some inner-city schools during the 1980s. In other words, the cluster of causes that *Losing Ground* identifies as a major source of the upsurge in illegitimacy and family breakup in poor families had stopped getting stronger, but the trend lines continue upward anyway. The trends had taken on a life of their own, as norms changed and community control mechanisms broke down. Greenstein tries to interpret this as evidence that the expanding welfare system was never part of the cause in the first place. For me, the continuing worsening of the problem is one reason for fearing that policy-tinkering at the margins is not going to help. □

Glorobots

Benumbed with enormous ennui,
A Univac went on a spree,
    Spun all of his dials
    In lieu of gay smiles,
And typed in the upper case WHEE!

The robot did not have myalgia
Or any known kind of neuralgia,
    But his recall was such
    He remembered too much
And suffered from chronic nostalgia.

A robot was programmed to blab
In FORTRAN while down in the lab,
    But when he got riled
    He really went wild
And spoke a more BASIC vocab.

A robot whose only ambition
Was to learn perfect submission
    Surreptitiously went
    To a guru who bent
Him into the Lotus position.

A robot was calmly resigned
To a life that was very confined:
    He could not know fashion
    Or pulse with low passion,
So he favored the life of the mind.

GLORIA A. MAXSON

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SOUTH KOREA COMES OF AGE

PRIME MINISTER Shinyong Lho is a soft-spoken, reflective man. Talking to a group of American columnists and editorial-page editors, he is eager to affirm the solidity of U.S.-Korean relations. "They are so good!" he says with a warm and open smile. It is important to him, as it has been to every high-ranking Korean official who has spoken to us, to make this point. Korea's future would be murky indeed without a strong American commitment not only to the defense of Korea, but to free trade, without which the growing Korean economy would be humbled.

Move up to the demilitarized zone, a strip of land separating the Communist North from the Republic of Korea. The DMZ is some thirty miles away from Seoul, a little farther than from Washington, D.C., to Dulles Airport. General William J. Livsey—Commander-in-Chief ROK/U.S. Combined Forces, Commander U.S. Forces/Korea, Commander-in-Chief United Nations Command—is only peripherally interested in trade and the economy. His mission is to contain the North Korean Communists and to prevent another invasion of South Korea. Livsey is a tough and wiry soldier who shows up wearing combat fatigues. He is proud of the forty thousand U.S. and six hundred thousand Korean troops he leads, and he makes us feel proud of them, too.

"Know Your Enemy," those of us who wore the uniform during World War II were taught. General Livsey's enemy is 750,000 North Koreans, aggressive and armed to the teeth, waiting for the ROK or the U.S. to blink. Three times, tunnels dug under the DMZ by the Communists have been discovered, the last of them capable of sending thirty thousand men an hour, with personnel and weapons carriers, into South Korea. Defecting engineers tell us of other such tunnels. And the North Koreans continually attempt to infiltrate armed men and agitators into South Korea. Repeatedly there have been attempts to create an incident that would give Kim Il Sung, the paranoid Communist leader, an excuse to re-open hostilities. Now the Communists are moving tanks and heavy weapons in offensive quantities to the edge of the DMZ, and the South Koreans have good evidence that the North Koreans are planning some sort of terrorist exercise to shut down the 1988 Olympic Games in Seoul.

The military in Korea is reasonably certain that if the Communists strike, they will be thrown back. The Combined Forces are not only highly trained but highly motivated. The ROK spends 6 per cent of its GNP on its armed forces and it does not make surly noises about nuclear weapons or contemplate pre-emptive suicide.

The Goo-Goos' Complaint

KOREANS NEVER forget that a Communist sword of Damocles hangs over their heads, and they quietly resent what sometimes seems like a demand from some in the United States that they order their politics as if they were living in a New England township of the early eighteenth century. The ROK falls short of democratic perfection—but this does not mean that it is the police state our goo-goos argue it is. Korea has never known American-style democracy, and after its liberation from the Japanese in 1945 it experienced the iron rule of Syngman Rhee and his successor, Park Chung Hee.

Park implemented "democracy" under a constitution that allowed him to appoint one-third of the National Assembly and to control speech and the press. Today, political repression has been dramatically lifted under President Chun Doo Hwan, who took over when Park was assassinated in 1979. A new constitution provided that the president could no longer appoint members of the National Assembly, restored freedom of speech and of the press, and guaranteed that President Chun will have to step down when his term expires. Last year's National Assembly election gave the newly formed New Korea Democratic Party, along with other opposition parties, almost two-fifths of the vote. This opposition was powerful enough last May to block the convening of South Korea's unicameral legislature. The list of some five hundred politicians banned from any political activity is now down to 15. And Kim Dae Jung, the self-declared dissident leader, has the kind of freedom few countries would allow.

Government people were not particularly happy that our group wanted to speak with Kim Dae Jung, but they put no obstacles in our way. For those to whom he is not exactly a household word, Kim is the man who incited some of his countrymen to terrorist violence, was tried and sentenced to death, had his sentence commuted to twenty years, was allowed to go to the U.S. for "medical treatment" on condition that he refrain from political activity, violated that promise, and has now returned to belabor those who spared his life. He is a Henry Wallace with teeth, wearing his "charisma" like a spit medal, who argues that he is living under a fascist dictatorship—and who mumbles when you put the facts to him. What kind of "fascism" is it that allows an opposition party to do so well in an election? He mumbles that "we wuz robbed"—that his supporters should have won a majority. He mumbles again that the Communists would act like pussycats if he were elected president—and complains that our questions are too tough.

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. Toledano, who writes a regular column for NR *on recorded music, is a syndicated columnist based in Washington, D.C.*

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You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

- **Why the Poor Stay Poor**
  Charles Murray (author of *Losing Ground*) explains it
- **What's Wrong with Your Money?**
  A new series you won't want to miss
- **Attack on the "Religious Right"**
  David Wagner tells you who's behind it and why
- **The Forgotten Holocaust**
  Stalin's famine in the Ukraine revisited by Robert Conquest
- **Have the Churches Abandoned the Poor?**
  Just left-wing forgetfulness, says Gary Potter

But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason—*they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view,* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

What's more, you'll find that keeping up with the news the NR way helps you to better evaluate what you *do* read in the "news magazines" (or see on TV). NR gives your own opinions the critical balance that can make your views and conversations more interesting—because it's one magazine that really *does* give you the view from the other side. And backs it up.

But the benefits of getting *National Review* regularly don't stop with this special coverage of current events. There is an abundance of other features to expand your horizons and delight your sense of humor. The book section with its discerning reviews of really important books is a treasure in itself. Movies and plays get the same unusual treatment. There are also articles on the latest in travel, food and wine, music, and so on. To say nothing of the inimitable cartoons of Gauerke, Mal, and others. In short, the regular readers of *National Review* keep up with the arts and manners of our times—but from a refreshingly different point of view.

All of which makes NR one of the best buys around. And all *you* have to do to start enjoying this genuinely interesting magazine regularly is to fill out the postpaid card (opposite) and mail it back to us. It entitles you to 15 big issues (30 weeks) of *National Review* at the special introductory rate (for new subscribers only) of just $17.95. A bargain price indeed for some of the best journalism in America. Send in the handy card today. It's the first step in the *right* direction.

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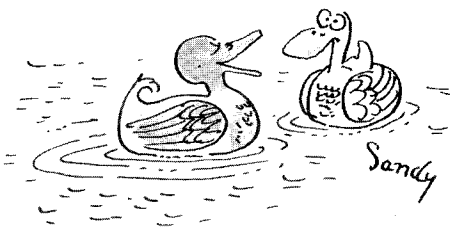
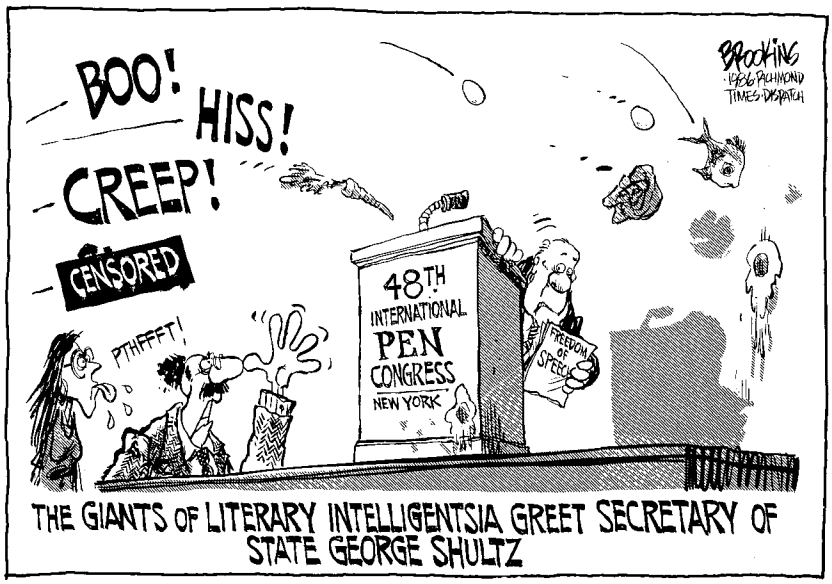


"The flyway is okay, but I get my kicks on Route 66."



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SKELLY
GRAMM-RUDMAN WOULD IMPOSE NO MILITARY CUTS UNLESS CONGRESS FAILS TO REFORM ITS RECKLESS SPENDING.
WE'RE DOOMED.

Swing and Sway

From be-bop to the Beatles meant
A dizzy musical descent,
And sliding further to Boy George
Did nothing for a rising gorge;
But hearing Mr. Springsteen play,
Non-stop, "Born in the U.S.A."
Suggested such an awful slope,
I knew I must abandon hope.

W. H. von Dreele

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ABROAD

BUENOS AIRES *SDI South of the Border*

Will Latin America have a chance to participate in the Strategic Defense Initiative? Reports here suggest that Argentina's considerable high-technology resources could prove valuable enough to warrant an effort to share in contracts destined to be negotiated outside the United States. Such speculation comes at a moment when President Raúl Alfonsín, savoring the esteem he has won for restoring democracy in Argentina, is also receiving the congratulations of North American economists for having brought the country's runaway inflation to a halt.

PARIS *Contretemps to Come*

France, which faces a legislative election in March, is already absorbed in what will happen to the government if, as expected, the Socialist Party loses its majority in the National Assembly, leaving a right-wing coalition in control, confronting Socialist President François Mitterrand. Though the constitution of the Fifth Republic provides for such cases, the political reality of this unprecedented situation would be awkward. The prime minister would answer to parliament, and the president would necessarily assume figurehead status. Mitterrand, for example, could no longer legitimately represent France at Common Market summits and negotiations. The new prime minister, presumably belonging to a right or center-right party, would choose his own government, and the only leverage Mitterrand would continue to possess would be the right to dissolve parliament (once, anyway). But he would not actually be required to step down unless he were defeated in the next presidential election, in 1988. The Fifth Republic, like the Fourth before it, is in for political turmoil.

VENICE *What His Belly Can*

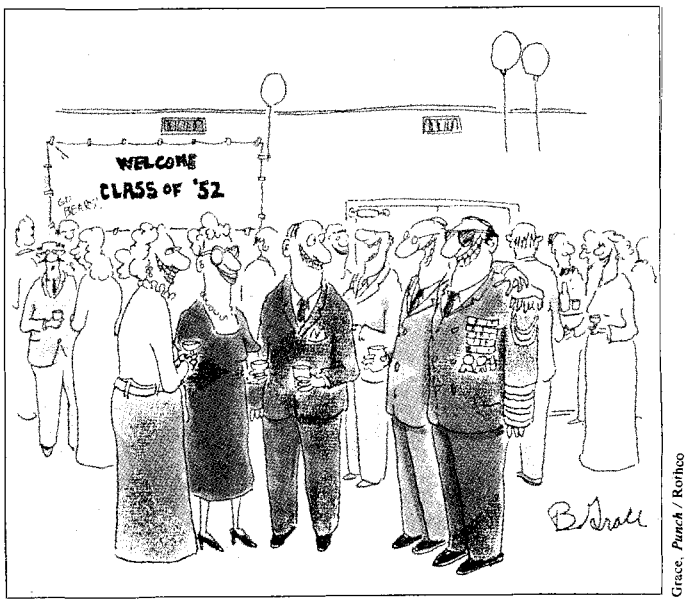
There are few stretches of water in the world as fussed over as the canals and lagoons of Venice. The latest manifestation of concern is the introduction of a "deodorizing" vessel that is intended to collect offending flotsam on or near the water's surface. Visitors to the Queen of the Adriatic have long complained of the bad smells emanating from the turgid canals (Venice has almost no tides). The new boat, baptized the *Pelican*, was first used in the Straits of Messina between Italy and Sicily to clean up oil spills. It is 35 feet long and has a "mouth" opening from the stem to almost half its total length. Oil wastes are ingested with water and sink to a special vat, while nets take up solid debris of various kinds. Meanwhile, a compressed-air cannon shoots oxygen down 15 feet below the surface to aerate the water and restore some of its freshness.

SCARBOROUGH *Who Began to Fight*

The wreck of another famous ship, this one of great interest to Americans, is about to be explored—the *Bon Homme Richard*, flagship of America's first naval hero, John Paul Jones. The *Bon Homme Richard* (for which a U.S. Navy carrier was named in the Second World War), sank in an extraordinary battle off the Yorkshire coast in 1779 with two British frigates, *HMS Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*. The *Bon Homme Richard* was lost, but John Paul Jones led his crew in a boarding operation against the *Serapis*, seized control of the enemy vessel, and made off to safety in Holland. Captain Derek Harreston, head of the Scarborough Sea Cadet Corps, believes the wreck has been located by Ministry of Defense hydrographic instruments. "The information indicates the wreck is consistent with that of the *Bon Homme Richard*," he said, "between Flamborough and Filey Brigg approaching twenty miles out to sea." The expedition will take place later this year and will involve some twenty sea cadets and deep-sea divers, in what was originally conceived as a training project.

ALGIERS *Soviets in the Maghreb*

The Soviet Union is likely to remain the principal supplier of the Algerian armed forces despite considerable efforts by Western armaments manufacturers, military observers here believe. Their view is reinforced by the recent presence of a Soviet military mission led by Yuri Maksimov, vice minister of defense, among whose objectives was a projection of future Algerian logistical requirements. Although there has been some contact between the Algerian military and representatives of European and American industry, the core of the Algerian defense machine is still of Soviet origin. It would be unthinkable, observers say, for the Algerians to replace their seven hundred Soviet-made T-54 or T-72 armored cars with equivalents from the West. The same goes for the aircraft, again Soviet-made, that make up the seven fighter and four interceptor squadrons of the Algerian air force. Algeria sees its principal enemy as Morocco, which is equipped heavily with American weapons and secondarily with French ones. The conflict between the two is largely over the destiny of the former Spanish colony of Western Sahara, where a guerrilla war has been waged for some years by the Polisario movement, supported by Algeria, against the Moroccan army. While a major conflict is unlikely to break out between the two neighbors of the Maghreb, the Algerian general staff has no desire to share the same sources of arms and ammunition as its rival.



Grace, *Punch* / Rothco

"Remember Rennie García? Guess who's dictator of Bolivia."

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THE CONTENT OF THEIR CHARACTER

MARTIN LUTHER KING JR. had a dream—that one day "Negro children will be judged not by the color of their skin but by the content of their character." Today, at last, that dream is coming true, but the judgment is far from what King would have wished.

According to one of the bravest TV documentaries ever made, by Bill Moyers of CBS (January 25), there is a crisis in black America: *The Vanishing Family*. Behind the gruesome statistics lies a deeper story: the vanishing of male character. Only a tiny fraction of black children born in America has a father at home during all 16 years of childhood. Nearly 60 per cent are born out of wedlock. Such matriarchy is proving colossally destructive.

Since there is no basic alternative except the family for character formation, the vanishing of the black family raises what Harvard's Glenn C. Loury calls "The Moral Quandary of the Black Community." Dare one call attention to this sinking, *Titanic*-like underclass culture? Dare one not?

Thanks to the courage of Bill Moyers, the CBS documentary introduces us to some immensely attractive young women and young men in Newark's black ghetto. How bright and alive they seem, yet how ineffably sad.

Timothy, for example, is 26, handsome, and—he says quite truthfully—attractive to women; he has had six children by four different girls. It doesn't bother him that he doesn't support them. (They may, in fact, be supporting him.) "Well, the majority of the mothers are on welfare. . . . What I'm not doing, the government does."

Winsome and pregnant with her third child, his girl Alice poignantly adds: "I don't think I would have had the second two children if I didn't think welfare was there. I don't like welfare because it makes me lazy. . . . Yeah, it makes you lazy just to sit around and wait for a monthly check to come in. You know, I just like to work. I like having money coming in every week or every two weeks." On "mothers' day," once each month, the mothers of her area gather to collect the money.

Come in it does. Alice receives $385 a month, plus $112 in food stamps. If each of Timothy's other girls does as well, that means some $2,000 per month for the four girls. Witnessing Alice's delivery of her third child, Timothy shouts: "I'm a king!"

"That's all they be doing around here," Darren Lyell, 18, says, concerning his male friends. "Making babies and stuff. Making babies." His daughter was born to Clarinda, 15, who says: "I wouldn't want no man holding me down, because I think I could make it as a single parent." Her mother did. Her grandmother, too.

One admires tremendously these brave but lonely young women, who are invariably well dressed; the rooms they live in boast an admirable range of appliances. "They are married to welfare," another youngster says. The government is the father.

The lives their young black men live are staggering in their brutality. One tells Moyers how he tied metal to a baseball bat and went seeking some young men who had insulted him and "got even." Many bear scars from beatings and knife play. One in 15 will be murdered by age twenty-five.

George Gilder described all this several years ago in *The Visible Man*, a book little reviewed, little purchased. The story Moyers told on television repeated several themes noted by Gilder: the trip back to North Carolina in which one could see ancient family strengths and a powerful sense of religion; the raw artistic talent of one of the willfully unemployed protagonists.

Carolyn Wallace, a magnificent social worker in Newark, tells Moyers that people today don't want to hear about "morality" and "God," but they must, for the problem is not a government problem, but a moral problem. We have to keep saying that, she says. She tells Moyers: "If you say it in your corner and I say it in my corner, and everybody's saying it, it's going to be like a drumbeat." Back to basics. Back to character.

Government *is* in the morality business today—an immoral morality. Television entertainment and the movies are also in the morality business—an immoral morality. Newark police detective Shahid Jackson, a true moral hero, can afford no illusions: "When I was growing up, sex was a dirty word. Now sex is what's happening. You know, they see sex on TV, sex in the movies, sex everywhere."

It isn't sex that is dirty. But fatherhood that ends with the sex act means treating male responsibilities like dirt. One does not admire—and youngsters must know that adults do *not* admire—the content of such a character.

IF THESE are poor kids, they certainly don't look, dress, or act poor; rather, like spoiled children of the rich. They have a sugar daddy. His name is Uncle Sam.

Among our elites, James Q. Wilson writes in a recent issue of *The Public Interest*, modernity means "replacing the ethic of self-control with that of self-expression." One does not see much self-control in these Newark streets; one sees much self-expression. Just as on television.

It is wrong to do this to poor kids, morally wrong, socially wrong, politically wrong, economically wrong. We need, indeed, a second War on Poverty. This time, though, it must have a moral focus. This drumbeat must start in every corner of the land: *It is shameless, immoral, and unmanly for fathers to abandon their children.* Manchildren need to be helped by everyone's holding them to that. □

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HEILBRONER'S WORLD

David Brooks

The Nature and Logic of Capitalism, by Robert Heilbroner (Norton, 225 pp., $15.95)

THESE HAVE BEEN boom years for Adam Smith's "other" book. In 1976, Irving Kristol wrote an essay, "Adam Smith and the Spirit of Capitalism," which reminded people that Smith's *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* serves as a companion to his 1776 tract on economics. People like George Gilder and Michael Novak have since offered their own moral defenses of the free market. Between those who give capitalism two cheers—who believe that the market makes freedom and thus morality possible—and those who give it the full three—who believe that the act of development is itself noble—you've got an impressive chorus justifying capitalism on moral and not just "practical" grounds.

So when you see Robert Heilbroner's book *The Nature and Logic of Capitalism*, you've a right to anticipate a juicy tussle. A response to all this pro-market ethology from an eminent critic of capitalism is just the thing to keep the mind occupied during dull stockholders' meetings. Imagine the disappointment, then, when it becomes clear that Robert Heilbroner has argued himself into irrelevancy.

The first whiff of a letdown comes from the index. No mention of Gilder, or Novak, or Kristol, or just about anybody else who's been heard from in the past decade on the side of the market. Marx gets good ink, as do Freud, Schumpeter, and some of Heilbroner's like-minded academic colleagues.

Then there's the prose, with sentences like, "Thus it seems to me that the failure to accord the centrality to one principle and its embodying institutions—not, of course, the same ones for all social formations—robs social analysis of its clarificatory potential as gravely as the dogmatic insistence that all attributes of any given society can be explained as mere epiphenomena of its mode of production or of any other organized structure." The mind glides over such writing, and you're a couple of pages past before you realize that there's been nothing to latch onto. It's impossible to write about the real world with language as aloof as Heilbroner's.

It is possible, however, to write about an irrelevant world that way; Heilbroner does so. In the Heilbroner world, capital is domination, both because it gives the capitalist power to deny workers the "resources of society" and because the desire to acquire wealth is "inextricable" from the desire to acquire power. The capitalist "rules" all that his money touches and uses government as an agent for his greed. The state, virtually a puppet, cannot really influence the flow of capital; the distinction between the private and the public sector is mere pretense because the former could not exist without the latter. Driven by the "megalomania" and "narcissism" of capitalist acquisitiveness, market societies will be helpless against competition from state-planned economies (Europe) that "cope" with such problems as inflation and technical disruptions.

Capitalism's fall is not pretty. Economics is a form of social engineering. It leaves no role for emotions, so that in market economies people avoid emotional involvements. Free-market competition is a Hobbesian war of all against all within which behavior is judged amorally. The group that competes most skillfully feels that it embodies "the spirit and mission of the society that in fact it dominates."

Dear Mr. Heilbroner, please come back to earth. The rent is due.

This is an encapsulation of Heilbroner's observations, but not a caricature. The connection between the world in this book and the world we all eat lunch in is obviously obscure. Anybody reading the papers during the past couple of decades knows that far from capitalists' dominating the state, the state has increased its power to dominate capital. In a world where managers spend half their time warding off law suits by people they have been forced to dismiss, it is hard to see how bosses rule the workers. When the House Ways and Means Committee produces a tax-deform bill that

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James W. Tuttleton is a professor of English at New York University.

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beats the stuffing out of industry by hiking up the cost of capital, it is hard to see how the state is a puppet of the moneyed classes. When Washington is full of middle-class power-brokers, it is hard to see why anyone would take the most difficult route to the power loop—through industry. When religious participation seems to be at an all-time high, it is hard to see how the market breeds amorality. And when the suggestion is made that our economy will be squashed by the European semi-planned economies, well . . . come now.

In reality, democratic capitalism has been marked by a huge power vacuum that capital cannot fill (because of the abundance of choice) and that the state tries to fill. The well-structured government is distinguished by its restrictions on political power. What remains, of course, is individual power and individual freedom. The struggle to justify and preserve that freedom is what rejuvenated the boosters of capitalism.

Michael Novak writes a newspaper column. Irving Kristol appears in the *Wall Street Journal* and elsewhere. George Gilder writes frequently for magazines like this one. Their arguments, while frequently moral, deal with the facts and the day-to-day. They're in the ring throwing leather. Mr. Heilbroner is back in the gym jabbing at mirrors. His book does not contain one memorable factual statement, or one bow to everyday experience. Is it no longer possible to argue against the free market in the manner of a newspaper column? □

ASKING WISELY

Joseph Sobran

The First Liberty: Religion and the American Republic, by William Lee Miller (Knopf, 373 pp., $24.95)

THIS IS A BOOK of many beauties. William Lee Miller wants to show the odd sources of the First Liberty—religious freedom—and he does so in an oddly formed book that allows him to make meditative excursions just about whenever he feels like it. It isn't a book to be read in a hurry, but its grace, depth, breadth of vision, information, discrimination, sympathy, and wit fully reward the reader's patience.

The First Liberty consists of four long sections: two on James Madison, one on Roger Williams, and one of "Reflections after Two Centuries." It begins with Madison because he was a practical politician working in the midst of religious contention. One is startled to be reminded, or simply informed, how important religious communities were as political constituencies in early America.

Madison himself was a taciturn Anglican who may have become a deist: Unlike Jefferson, he was too "cagey" to expose his innermost convictions to the public. At Princeton he came under the influence of "anti-establishment Protestantism," and it was his genius to play contending sects off against each other, both in the Virginia legislature and in the drafting of the Constitution.

Miller gives a close account of Madison's work in shepherding the Virgin-

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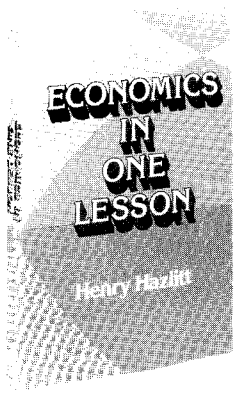

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ SOME FEBRUARY TITLES: In *Family and Nation: The Godkin Lectures, Harvard University* (Harcourt Brace, $12.95), Daniel Patrick Moynihan returns to the theme he first broached in 1965: the need for a national family policy. Twenty years ago, family disorganization was mainly a concern of minority groups in the U.S.; today, he argues, it is a "general feature of the American population." . . . According to Susan Littwin, author of *The Postponed Generation: Why American Youth Are Growing Up Later* (Morrow, $16.95), college-educated people in their twenties are not stereotypically aggressive careerists but rather make up a "confused, unfocused, and dependent generation," suffering from unrealistic expectations inherited from their predecessors of the Sixties, and willing to postpone until their thirties most adult responsibilities.

☐ COMING IN MARCH: *People of Chance: Gambling in American Society from Jamestown to Las Vegas* (Oxford, $19.95), by John M. Findlay, looks to be an interesting study in cultural history, following the history of gambling as it moved from the colonial East Coast (where it was from the beginning an important diversion) to the Mississippi River (in the early nineteenth century the locus of gaming activity), on through the Gold Rush to San Francisco, and thence to the inevitable deserts of Nevada.

In *The Siege: The Saga of Israel and Zionism* (Simon & Schuster, $24.95), Conor Cruise O'Brien muses upon the origin and development of political Zionism. O'Brien, who is a former UN ambassador and member of the Irish Parliament as well as a writer and journalist, is full of interesting, controversial, and highly independent ideas on the subject.

Acts of War: The Behavior of Men in Battle (Free Press, $19.95), by Richard Holmes, a lecturer at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, is an extremely interesting work based on interviews with veterans of many armies, in which the author attempts to draw close to the nature of war by discovering how those who participate in it respond to its psychological exigencies. —CW

---

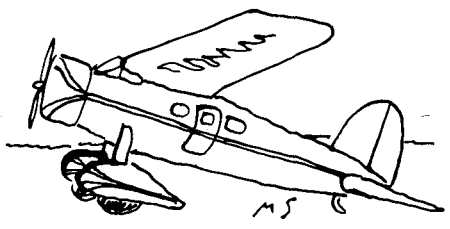
ia statute for religious freedom through the state Assembly—a radical document in a conservative state, as Miller observes. He did it by manipulating the suspicions, apprehensions, and animosities of Anglicans, Presbyterians, and others. Miller writes: "Madison's experience in this battle must have been a principal source of that outlook on politics—on power—to which he was shortly thereafter to give memorable and historically potent expression. It was an important day for American history when 'Jemmy' Madison discovered the value of dividing, balancing, and limiting power."

As Miller also points out, it was the "multiplicity of sects" that became the model for the principle of the "multiplicity of interests" Madison was to advance in the *Federalist*. American "pluralism" emerged from a balance-of-power politics.

Miller's Madison appears as akin to James Burnham's "Machiavellians"—a defender of liberty who achieved his defense by grasping the nature of power. It is also possible to see him as a Machiavellian in a less flattering sense, a view Miller doesn't exclude though he doesn't share it. Small, young, unprepossessing, prudent, devious, lacking oratorical gifts in an age of great political oratory, Madison had to cope with enemies like the brilliant Patrick Henry, whose eloquence could prevail on any given day. His obvious weaknesses forced Madison to develop strategic strength. He did this so well that we still fail to appreciate his genius. He dominated quietly.

Miller appreciates him and takes his side without forgetting how many other sides there were, or how much may still be said for them. This is what gives his book its richness: its awareness of the live though unrealized possibilities of the past, its refusal to consign history's losers to the ash heap. Miller shows us a living man in a living world, and he describes the emergence of a vital principle from a tangle of concrete energies. He knows that his hero can still be seen as a subversive. This is a writer who takes ideas seriously.

His study of Roger Williams is equally penetrating. Miller wants to rescue Williams from Vernon Parrington, a classic case of the Whig historian scanning the past for progressive heroes when there weren't any. Far from being a "proto-Jefferson," Williams was a devout puritan who argued for religious freedom from the standpoint not of skeptical relativism but of religious principle itself. His views emerged from his debate with John Cotton and his exile from Massachusetts; he denied that even the best Protestant community could approximate God's kingdom on earth.



Unlike most champions of "toleration," Williams struggled to formulate a principle to which he himself, once in power, might be subject; for him it wasn't a matter of whose ox was gored, but what Miller calls "an imaginative and self-critical universalism."

As Miller sees it, the nation still hasn't caught up with Williams:

> Massachusetts Bay had picked up and carried on the disposition of Englishmen to identify England with Israel, as chosen and favored of God, selected and cared for by a special providence; and that view had entered into the bloodstream of America, and appeared even in the deists of the founding period, and continues to add an element of self-righteousness to American self-interpretation to this day.
>
> Perhaps it was inevitable that so exacting and difficult a view as Williams's should not prevail across whole nations or over stretches of time. In a sense, for the same reason he did not expect whole nations to be "Christian," one should not expect whole nations even to comprehend, much less to follow, an exacting conviction like his.

These are the words not of an America-basher, but of a decently and intelligently liberal Christian who loves, in all its complexity, the tradition he is discussing. One can disagree with him at many points, and in fact he isn't trying to press a set of answers on the reader but to impart a feel for the full reality of the American tradition of religious freedom. He carefully avoids undue grandiosity.

He does arrive at this conclusion: "The American democratic society does have metaphysical presumptions. It is not a wholly empty 'process.' Even that process—the institutions of liberty and self-government—have [*sic*] implied underpinnings. Those institutions did not come into the world by a total accident out of the air. They arose out of a particular history, and entail presuppositions about human beings and human societies: their nature, their rights, their duties, their goods."

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No, he doesn't try to answer all the questions. He merely shows all you have to be aware of in order to ask them wisely. □

BEYOND THE CROLY GRAIL

John C. Chalberg

Herbert Croly of The New Republic, by David Levy (Princeton, 335 pp., $32)

AT THE TIME of his death in 1930 the private Herbert Croly judged the public Herbert Croly to have been a failure. Not only had he found his politics badly riddled with inconsistencies, but he also concluded that he had sadly misread the course of recent American history. Progressive reform, he lamented, had been an aberration, a brief detour on each American's search for Jeffersonian happiness.

By 1930 few old allies were left to comfort the inconsolable founder of *The New Republic*. Oh, Albert J. Nock was there to dismiss him as "Crolier than thou"; and H. L. Mencken was still pontificating against that journal's "kept idealists." But Willard Straight, Theodore Roosevelt, and Walter Weyl had long since departed this world, and Walter Lippmann had abandoned Croly for the *New York World*.

David Levy, however, has refused to desert either Croly or his philosophy. For almost twenty years Levy has labored over Croly. The result is a biography of posthumous consolation. While Levy concedes that from Croly's vantage point progressivism had atrophied, he adds: "Now we know better." But just when is "now"? Is it the heyday of the Great Society, when Levy first set upon his reticent subject? Or is it the mid-1980s, when Croly has been reborn amid another time of troubles for would-be statists?

Levy is convinced that Croly died too soon. Had he only lived into the 1930s his "years of despair" (1919 to 1930) would have given way to years of "happiness" in the palm of Roosevelt II. That's happiness, not ecstasy. Levy cautions that Croly would have found the New Deal inadequately progressive and National Socialism excessively so.

Might-have-beens aside, Levy's biography is, first, a refutation of Croly's self-criticisms and, second, a defense of Croly against the charge of premature fascism. As presented by Levy, Herbert Croly was as steadfast, stolid, and, yes, even old-fashioned in his public philosophy as he was in his private habits. That philosophy bore the imprint of Comtean positivism and David Croly's incessant preaching of Comte to his only son. Dubbed the "Great Suggester" by his friends, the senior Croly offered more than casual counsel to his compliant son. He offered the Gospel According to Comte-Croly. And it took—largely because this father and son had found permanent "refuge" in one another.

David Croly, it seems, was unhappily married to Jane Cunningham Croly, a pioneer journalist and "hopelessly inconsistent" feminist. Her husband was nothing if not consistent, perhaps hopelessly so. It was his settled faith that size inevitably bred efficiency, that corporate monopoly would necessarily give way to government control. Individual trusts deserved neither busting nor moral posturing. Instead, the country deserved a Federal Government divorced from Jeffersonian fears of gov-

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ernment. For Croly senior the Democratic Party was the anointed vehicle for change, because the Republicans were too beholden to the trusts. For Croly junior the Republican Party was the hope of the future, because the Democrats were too beholden to Bryanesque moralism. That was the extent of the son's rebellion.

Levy not only concedes but insists that Herbert Croly was not an original thinker. He was a "grind" during a fitful (and degree-less) 14-year Harvard career, and he remained a grind during his continuous 16-year tenure at *The New Republic*. Croly's genius, according to Levy, was to convert old ideas into reform proposals that suddenly seemed "sensible and promising."

Ah, *promising*: a portentous word. In 1909 Croly came forth with the book, *The Promise of American Life*. In this paean to Theodore Roosevelt and a powerful Presidency, Croly rued the ancient American conflict between a less-than-democratic Hamiltonianism and a less-than-nationalistic Jeffersonianism. Lincoln provided a brief respite from this "double perversion." But it was Roosevelt I before whom Croly almost swooned—not Teddy the trustbuster, but Teddy the taskmaster, who was determined to make democratic Hamiltonians of all his subjects.

Were Roosevelt and Croly optimistic about their task? Levy thinks so. To fortify his argument he enlists Croly himself: "Democracy must risk its success on the integrity of human nature." But at base neither Roosevelt nor Croly was able to let Americans alone. Echoing Tocqueville, Croly fretted that marketplace behavior resulted in "bondage" for all participants. The single-minded pursuit of money produced sameness, not individuality, and ultimately the life of "vapid pleasure" so relentlessly decried by TR. Finally, Croly and Roosevelt were vexed by the squeamishness of Americans in dealing with the rest of the world. Roosevelt had open disdain for the "molly-coddle" businessman's timidity in 1898; Croly would join him in condemning anti-preparedness in all its forms after 1914.

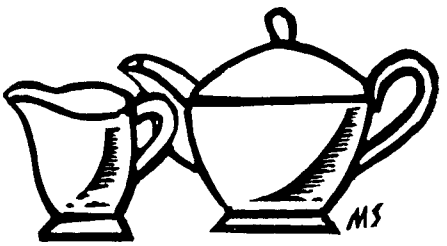
Both Croly and his hero were progressive nationalists. Both wanted the ordinary citizen to look beyond his own self-interest, as well as beyond America's shores. Like Roosevelt, Croly believed in responsibilities over rights; but, unlike Roosevelt, Croly was too much the nineteenth-century democrat to advocate ramming twentieth-century mobilization down the throats of Jeffersonian Americans.

Croly (although Levy does not tell us so) saw just enough of this century to jettison his father's placid optimism. Lurking behind Croly's oft-furrowed brow was the persistent doubt that societal evolution ensured inevitable progress—or that the American people would respond to "bully pulpit" exhortations alone.

Croly was neither preacher nor politician—nor professor. But after the birth of *The New Republic* he had a unique opportunity to combine all three careers. Reading these final chapters of *TNR*'s early years is at once an exercise in current history and antiquarianism. Then, as now, *TNR* was exposing isolationism in all its dogged disguises. Then, and only then, could liberalism promote centralization without having to confront the consequences of statism in all its grotesque guises.

The New Republic would never be as influential (or perhaps as naïve) as it was in its infancy. After Wilson's "peace without victory" speech parroted *TNR*'s party line, Croly beamed through the "greatest day of my life." By the summer of 1917, Levy argues, the journal had been "practically reduced" to an arm of the Wilson Administration. Croly didn't mind at all. At stake was an Allied victory in Europe, as well as the conquest of his version of progressivism at home. Instead, the suddenly starry-eyed editor would be rudely brought back to earth by the twin disasters of an un-Wilsonian peace and a very Wilsonian retreat from state control. Faced with a punitive treaty, not to mention a born-again Jeffersonian in the White House, Croly retreated into depression, seclusion, isolationism, and Christian mysticism.

No, Mr. Levy, Herbert Croly didn't die too soon. He lived too long. In 1917 he could still believe that a progressive America and a Wilsonian world were equally desirable and equally inevitable. By 1930 neither had come to pass, but Herbert Croly could —and did—still dream. Within a few years, however, those dreams of efficiency and order would become nightmares emanating from Moscow and Berlin. Given the horrors of the 1930s, those of Croly's persuasion could count themselves among the fortunate if they were by then among the angels.



By exhuming the minds of the two Crolys, David Levy has recalled a time when dreamers could still dream and get away with it. The father did so without difficulty, the son a bit less comfortably. He in turn had no children who might have received the Croly grail—and in whose hands it would surely have turned to dust. Instead, his only offspring was his journal, which survived (barely) the fellow-traveling Thirties and Forties to dream diminished dreams of a world unperfected and unperfectible. □

THE ZIGZAG COURSE OF REINHOLD NIEBUHR

James W. Tuttleton

Reinhold Niebuhr, by Richard Wightman Fox (Pantheon, 340 pp., $19.95)

THE BRILLIANCE of Reinhold Niebuhr (1892-1971), perhaps the most visible Protestant churchman from the 1930s to the 1960s, is an almost uncontested proposition. Few figures in twentieth-century religious life have had greater impact and influence than this child of German immigrant parents who rose from obscurity in the Evangelical Synod in Illinois to the attention of Presidents, philosophers, and millions of lay readers. As a dynamic pulpit figure at the Bethel Evangelical Church in Detroit, as an influential professor of Christian ethics at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and as the author of popular studies like *Moral Man and Immoral Society* and *The Nature and Destiny of Man*, Niebuhr was a major intellectual and religious force.

In the present volume, Richard Wightman Fox, a professor of history at Reed College, has given us an incisive, sympathetic, yet critical intellectual biography. There are no sensational revelations about the man, like those recently disclosed about the sexual escapades of Paul Tillich, his

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theologian-colleague at Union. Niebuhr's private life was largely consumed in preaching and lecturing, organizing conferences, chairing committees, and writing a continuous stream of books, articles, sermons, editorials, letters to editors, and the like. For Niebuhr was a prophetic figure driven by an overmastering need to affect the religious and political life of his times. What were the principal features of his thought?

Although he came from a tradition of German-American evangelical pietism, Reinhold Niebuhr rejected Reformation orthodoxy for a religious liberalism that extended the Social Gospel of Washington Gladden and Walter Rauschenbusch. He was not, it seems to me, a theologian. There is nothing in his work to suggest the true theologian's commitment to a profound technical analysis of questions such as the nature of God, the doctrine of the Church, the deeper meaning of grace, prayer, and the soul's redemption. Niebuhr attained national celebrity during the years of his Detroit pastorate (1915-1928) principally by attacking the treatment, by Henry Ford and others, of factory workers. Moving on to Union Theological Seminary, he became swept up in the left-wing ferment of the Depression and acclaimed the radical economic policies of non-Communist Marxism. After a disastrous attempt to win elective office on the Socialist ticket (the slate was soundly trounced), Niebuhr turned to a wider audience than his indifferent New York constituency. *Moral Man and Immoral Society* (1932) undertook to convince the world that the Christian must be prepared to use violence to effect social change. Romanticizing the proletariat, he called for a redistribution of the nation's wealth and prophesied the downfall of capitalism.

Niebuhr's radical doctrines delighted secular social critics on the Left; but most Christian thinkers, devoted to pacifism and nonviolent change (under the auspices of a democratic polity), were scandalized. For one thing, *Moral Man* had had little to say about the centrality of the Gospel and virtually ignored the historical mission of the Church. The outcry over the book and the gentler remonstrances of his brother, the theologian Richard Niebuhr, stunned Reinhold into a reconsideration of the central doctrine of Christian thought: the salvation of the individual soul. (In his reconsideration of the utility, for Christianity, of left-wing politics, events like the Moscow purge trials and the Stalin-Hitler non-aggression pact also played a decisive role. In short, Niebuhr shared the fate of many disillusioned liberals in the Thirties.)

Thereafter, in books like *An Interpretation of Christian Ethics*, Niebuhr temporarily abandoned the theme of class conflict in favor of a concern with the mystery of the individual, whose reason must be affirmed but whose sinful condition was the ultimate source of social conflict. During World War II, he defended the use of force to preserve the Western democracies, arguing that Christian pacifism was too great a luxury in view of man's sinfulness, then so horrifyingly evident in the atrocities of the Nazi regime.

After the war, Niebuhr became an impassioned advocate of the "open society" in the West, in which alone, he believed, a true social ethics could develop. While he opposed U.S. involvement in Vietnam (causing the liberals to praise him), he was disposed

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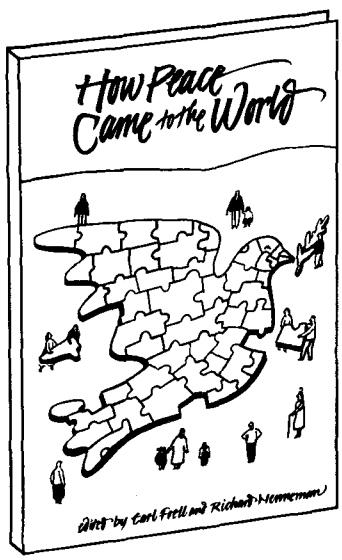

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Edited by Earl W. Foell and Richard A. Nenneman
Foreword by Kurt Waldheim

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to tolerate authoritarian allies on the ground that they did not try completely to abolish or reconstitute the individual's organic relations to family, church, and homeland, as Communists did; hence, conservatives claimed him as one of their own. Although he believed that there could be no spiritual fulfillment in the political order, he argued that there could be no salvation apart from it. He therefore tried to subvert the influence of Karl Barth, the Swiss theologian who had emphasized the redemption of the soul rather than the salvation of society; for Niebuhr, this neo-orthodoxy was a form of "sanctified futilitarianism." And he was no happier with the too-cerebral ontological analysis of the Christian's vocation in Paul Tillich's *The Shaking of the Foundation*, *The Courage to Be*, and *Systematic Theology*. For "Reinie," Tillich's thought likewise had insufficient social utility.

As a founder of Americans for Democratic Action and as a dominating figure in the World Council of Churches, as a tireless speaker at one national or international conference after another, Niebuhr's political pragmatism confused his followers, and his positions seemed inconsistent. No one could predict where he might stand on any public issue. Toward the end of his career, looking back at the zigzag ideological divagations of his intellectual life—as his friend Arthur Schlesinger Jr. had researched and described it—Niebuhr "pleaded guilty" to having clung too long to "shreds of Marxist dogma," but justified himself on the ground that it had taken "all the tragedies of history" to clarify the issue.

We need not, however, accept Niebuhr's self-estimate. Like many liberals in the Thirties and Forties, Niebuhr overinvested in the Marxist notion of "history" and class conflict. He wrote too much without thinking and then —dismayed by what he had actually written, or perhaps by the Christian reaction to it—he backtracked, "repented," and softened his radical stand. Yet many of his contemporaries were not swayed by the Left's attempt to appropriate Christian idealism to Marxist purposes. One of them—perhaps quite unintentionally—is the real hero of this book: Richard Niebuhr, whose continuous love for his older brother (despite their differences) and whose exemplary Christian faith and piety shine through this vividly written book. □

THE VULGAR STREAK

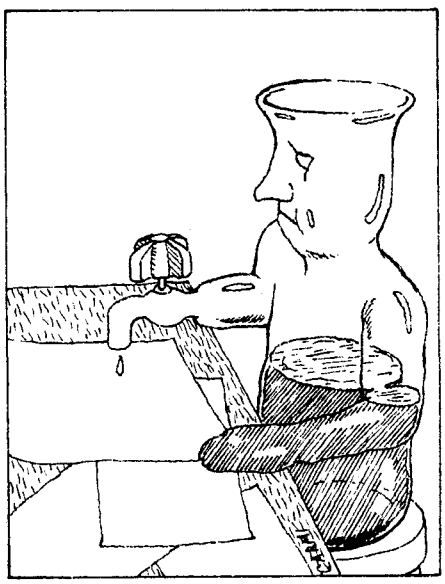
Jeffrey Meyers

Into Eternity: The Life of James Jones, American Writer, by Frank MacShane (Houghton Mifflin, 355 pp., $18.95)

ON THE Greek island of Skiathos, in the late 1960s, an ape-like man with protruding ears and a prognathous jaw swaggered up to our café table and claimed he was a writer. When I skeptically asked if he had published anything, he replied: "*From Here to Eternity*." Despite the tough-guy manner adopted from Hemingway—the bad grammar, the words spat out of the side of his mouth—James Jones was gentle and genial. He had rented a huge villa, with private beach and boat, and invited us to drink his case of whisky. He had achieved commercial success despite devastating reviews, craved academic recognition, and urged me to write scholarly articles about his work.

Frank MacShane's lively and interesting narrative is sympathetic to Jones, captures the essence of the man, and offers a fair appraisal of his extremely uneven work. Though he mentions Jones's connections with Mailer, Styron, Shaw, Baldwin, and (rather improbably) Mary McCarthy, he does not describe their conversations or illuminate the nature of their friendship.

Jones was a Midwestern country bumpkin, a child of the Depression and World War II. He grew up in Robinson, Illinois, forty miles from Terre Haute, the son of a diabetic



harpy and of a drunken dentist who had lost everything in the Wall Street crash and shot himself in 1942. After drug addiction and an attempted suicide, Jones's sister died of a brain tumor at the age of 27. Rejected by his coevals at school, Jones enlisted in the Army in 1939, was sent to Schofield Barracks in Honolulu, and served ingloriously as a clerk. He spent a good deal of his early life in whorehouses and bars, and fantasized about his sexual exploits. Slightly wounded in the head by a random mortar shell soon after he arrived at Guadalcanal, he was discharged in 1944 after injuring his ankle playing football.

After the war Jones became the lover, foster son, and literary protégé of an unattractive, peculiar, and devoted older woman, Lowney Handy. He published his first stories in the *Atlantic* and *Harper's* in 1949, finished *Eternity* in a trailer park in North Hollywood, and achieved immediate critical and popular success. He earned $178,000 the first year, received another $82,000 for film rights, and eventually sold half a million copies in hardcover.

Irwin Shaw noted that Jones "grappled with the ghost of Hemingway all his life, excoriating him, mocking him, worried about what Hemingway meant to him." MacShane quotes Hemingway's manic, vituperative, and pathological attack on *Eternity* in a letter to Charles Scribner, but does not explain that it was inspired by profound insecurity about his own literary stature. After the failure of *Across the River*, Hemingway had a deep-rooted fear of younger literary rivals who challenged him by writing about the War.

Mailer thought *Eternity* was better than *The Naked and the Dead*. Styron, throwing his arms around Jones and Mailer, exclaimed: "Here we are, the three best writers of our generation, and we're all together!" But their intense rivalry and sense of art as a lethal game led to Mailer's attack on his contemporaries in *Advertisements for Myself*. As Mailer and Styron matured as artists, Jones remained static and feared he had lost his "drive to write because of being successful."

Jones compared *Some Came Running* to *War and Peace*, but its commonplace plot and boring characters were condemned by the critics. In 1958, after his marriage to sexy Gloria

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Mosolino, a bit-part actress from a criminal clan in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, Jones escaped to Paris. There he became the perfect philistine, collecting knives and using a pulpit as a bar. He wrote lucrative scripts for films that were never made, consorted with wealthy expatriates and courtiers. After 16 years in Europe, he remained an ignorant, apolitical tourist, with scant knowledge of French language and culture. Jones died of heart disease after dictating the end of *Whistle* from his hospital bed.

Jones had unpromising origins, no education, limited intelligence, and a crude style. Driven by a powerful urge to write, he had nothing much to say, produced closely autobiographical novels, and was essentially a one-book author. John Aldridge demoted Jones to the ranks of Uris, Ruark, and Robbins; Wilfrid Sheed (using Orwell's phrase) called him the "king of the good-bad writers"; and Mailer convincingly stated that he was "the worst writer of prose ever to give intimations of greatness." □

CRIMINAL INANITY

Aram Bakshian Jr.

Amusing Ourselves to Death, by Neil Postman (Viking, 184 pp., $15.95)

IN HIS arresting foreword to *Amusing Ourselves to Death*, Neil Postman contrasts the futurist panoramas of George Orwell's *1984* and Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*. Orwell, he concludes, ". . . feared that what we hate will ruin us. Huxley feared that what we love will ruin us . . . This book is about the possibility that Huxley, not Orwell, was right." More particularly, it is about the way Mr. Postman believes television has debased public discourse, weakened our collective capacity to reason, and in general undermined many of our civic and cultural values.

This is a rather bloated indictment for such a slender volume, the brevity of which may be due to the author's professed fear that television has shortened our attention span. Brevity aside, Postman for the Prosecution states his case with clarity and conviction. At times, he even resorts to humor—despite the fact that placing a premium on "entertainment values" rather than logically structured information is one of the gravest charges he brings against the accused. Thus:

> Not long ago, I saw Billy Graham join with Shecky Greene, Red Buttons, Dionne Warwick, Milton Berle, and other theologians in a tribute to George Burns, who was celebrating himself for surviving eighty years in show business. The Reverend Graham exchanged one-liners with Burns about making preparations for Eternity. Although the Bible makes no mention of it, the Reverend Graham assured the audience that God loves those who make people laugh. It was an honest mistake. He merely mistook NBC for God.

Mr. Postman deftly cites comparable cases of criminal inanity involving politics, aesthetics, and the life of the mind, all perpetrated by the brain-eating monster. No doubt he is right—up to a point. Unfortunately, in his zeal to convict television, he sometimes skews the historical evidence, e.g., in arguing that, because they dragged on for hours and went into considerable detail, the Lincoln-Douglas debates proved that the pre-broadcasting, print-oriented American people of 1858 had an attention span superior to the television generation's, and, by inference, a sounder grasp of real issues.

Never mind that Lincoln lost the debates, and that most of the rank-and-file that participated in the ensuing civil slaughter did so for the shallowest of slogans or out of sheer regional and family loyalties; there is a more important defect here. Comparisons between the American "publics" of 1858 and 1986—i.e., that part of the general population playing an active role in the nation's cultural, political, and social life—simply do not hold water.

At a time when the franchise was still comparatively restricted, education was limited to a far smaller percentage of the population, and illiteracy and poverty were commonplace, the world of political discourse and high, even middle-brow, culture was confined to

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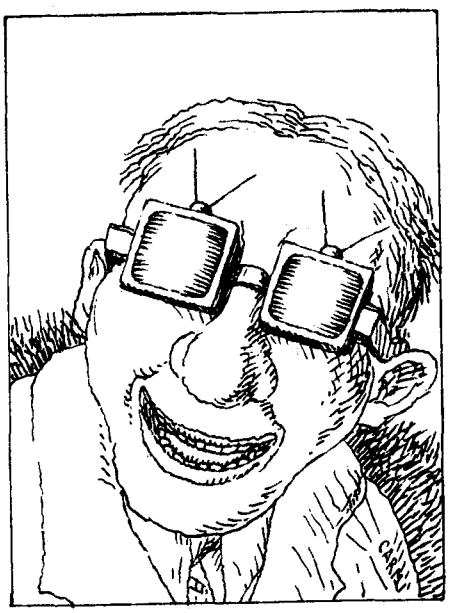
a fraction of the population: elites of old Yankee or Southern stock, the occasional bright autodidact like Lincoln, plus a small but gradually growing urban and rural middle class, most of whom emulated rather than despised the cultural values and standards of discourse transmitted from above.

If this earlier *vox populi* really was more logical and articulate, it was because the public itself was a different one—much smaller, and far less representative of the general population. The incredible expansion of affluence in modern America, the extension of the franchise to everybody down to and including illiterates, the self-classification as "middle" of nearly everyone who isn't on welfare, and the impact all this has had on the marketing of everything from higher education and political office to video cassettes and polyester leisure suits may be as much a matter of expanded purchasing and political powers as one of diminishing mental powers. One might suggest, too, that in the light of the nasty historical track records of most elitist societies, vulgarity is the price of vitality and social stability in a democracy such as ours—and well worth the price.

Television programming in its current abysmal form is more symptom than agent of this social change. Visual technology, like audio technology, is aesthetically and intellectually neutral. Just as a recording industry dependent on customers with high standards—as opposed to today's under-aged, over-sexed mass market—is more likely to turn out good popular and classical discs to meet consumer demands, so commercial television reflects the tastes and interests of its target audience, for better or for worse. How much of a decline this represents is debatable; in the pre-television era, few of today's junk-program addicts would ever have read a classic comic book, much less a classic book, except when required to do so at school, where today's lax curricula are far more alarming sources of decay than anything on television.



The changes in standards and perceptions Mr. Postman so eloquently decries have made television what it is today, not the other way around. In the long run, proper use of the boob tube—unbiased news coverage, more analytically informative programming, and responsible activism on the part of concerned viewers and sponsors—could help to strengthen the very values Mr. Postman fears for. □

FICTION

KINGSLEY AND THE ZEITGEIST

J. O. Tate

Stanley and the Women, by Kingsley Amis (Summit Books, 256 pp., $14.95)

RANDALL JARRELL once declared that he was floating in a quarry with his chin on a log when he first realized that he knew Robert Frost's poem "Provide, Provide" by heart. I have discovered on numerous occasions, not all of which were wet ones, that various sequences of Kingsley Amis's novels *Lucky Jim* (1954) and *One Fat Englishman* (1963) had somehow lodged themselves in that sieve, my memory. There are those who still, like the prim-lipped Bertrand in *Lucky Jim*, and because of him, pronounce "you see" as "you sam," and who, also like Bertrand, like to suggest "faring forth to an adjacent hostelram" when the mood is on. Similarly, there are those in whom the mere mention of the Latin declension beginning "Hic haec hoc" will provoke guffaws, as they recall the proclivities of that fat Englishman, Roger St. John Micheldene.

Indeed, if I could get my hands on Wells's Time Machine and pop it into reverse, I would skip the battle of Manzikert in favor of certain scenes described by the late Philip Larkin:

> One day after the war Kingsley, Graham Parkes, and Nick Russel were strolling along to the Lamb and Flag when a motorcyclist clearly with the same destination propped his machine against the curb near by. When he had got some distance across the pavement toward the arch, Kingsley (I gather for want of something better to do) made his motorbike-failing-to-start noise. The man stopped dead in his tracks and stared at his machine narrowly. Then he walked back and knelt down beside it. Some minutes later he entered the pub with a subdued expression on his face. Kingsley's masterpiece, which was so demanding I heard him do it only twice, involved three subalterns, a Glaswegian driver, and a jeep breaking down and refusing to restart somewhere in Germany.

Larkin also remembered giving Amis advice about *Lucky Jim*:

> When I read the first draft I said, Cut this, cut that, let's have more of the other. I remember I said, Let's have more "faces"—you know, his Edith Sitwell face, and so on. The wonderful thing was that Kingsley could "do" all those faces himself—"Sex Life in Ancient Rome" and so on. Someone once took photographs of them all. I wish I had a set.

I wish I had a set, too; but we have *Stanley and the Women*, a considerable consolation, instead.

The persistence of memory, as Jarrell knew, is a sign of the power as well as the merit of what asserts itself in the mind. No one should have been surprised when Mr. Amis turned his hand to the mode of contemporary Gothic, producing in *The Green Man* (1969) a "ghost story" of remarkable force and even spiritual authority. And that novel may remind us that again and again, Kingsley Amis has written, beneath the deceptive surfaces of his satire, of the confusions of love and lust.

In *Stanley and the Women*, we have in effect a descendant of *Jake's Thing* (1978). Jake Richardson tangled with a "nocturnal mensurator" and "nongenital sensate focusing" in order to stimulate his failing libido, but finally gave up on the whole business, while also protesting female incursions into the men's college at which he was a professor. Stanley Duke is set upon

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not by sex therapy but by psychoanalysis in the form of Dr. Collings, who says, "Do call me Trish. The medical title is so compartmenting."

The text of *Stanley and the Women* is suitably resonant with "Amisisms," those specific marks and twists that identify their author. A minor passage declares that Stanley, who narrates his own story, is hung over—understandably so, considering how much and how often and why he drinks:

> An alarm phone call woke me at seven. My first action after ringing off was to grab the usual large jug of water beside the bed and take a hearty gulp. This turned out too late to contain some live creature which had no doubt fallen or flown there, not long before, probably, because to judge by the results inside me there was still quite a bit of flight left in it. I stumbled out of the dark bedroom and hung over the wc for a minute or two, thinking very hard about not being sick and impressing on myself a fact learnt in childhood, that there was enough acid in my stomach to burn a hole in a carpet.

This hangover/animal-intruder-in-mouth complex recalls another and better hangover scene that Amis limned more than thirty years ago, in *Lucky Jim*:

> The light did him harm, but not as much as looking at things did; he resolved, having done it once, never to move his eyeballs again. A dusty thudding in his head made the scene before him beat like a pulse. His mouth had been used as a latrine by some small creature of the night, and then as its mausoleum. During the night, too, he'd somehow been on a cross-country run and then been expertly beaten up by secret police. He felt bad.

Mr. Amis would no sooner surrender his mode of attack, his hobby-horses, his harping on accents and the marks of class, than he would give up his characters, like the unforgettably awful Margaret in *Lucky Jim*, or Susan, Stanley's second wife, in the present instance. Margaret dramatized a "suicide" attempt in order to manipulate Jim Dixon and others. Susan stabs herself, it seems, in order to divert Stanley's attention from his son, who has gone mad, and whom she accuses of the "assault."

As an accomplished nose-tweaker who has ticked off phonies, twerps, and pseudo-literates for years, Amis isn't about to stop now. In these days of feminist sensitivity, who else would combine a woman-driver joke with a mother-in-law joke?

> My mother-in-law's lime-green Saab, with a fresh scrape on the rear door, was parked across the road from the pottery shop. In the quite recent past I had watched her have two minor accidents in it at walking pace, one with a stationary furniture van, the other with a simple brick wall, both in excellent conditions of visibility and road surface. At higher speeds she obviously took more care, or else was under some sort of special protection.

Stanley has a lot of trouble with women, all right; and he and others have a lot to say about them:

> I remembered Cliff Wainwright saying once that women were like Russians—if you did exactly what they wanted all the time you were being realistic and constructive and promoting the cause of peace, and if you ever stood up to them you were resorting to cold-war tactics

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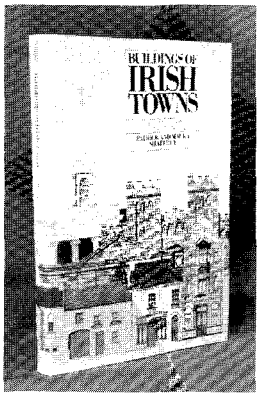

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and pursuing imperialistic designs and interfering in their internal affairs. And by the way peace was more peaceful, but if you went on promoting its cause long enough you ended up Finlandized at best.

But Cliff Wainwright isn't through just yet:

". . . But it's funny about wife-battering. Nobody ever even asks what the wife had been doing or saying. She's never anything but an ordinary God-fearing woman who happens to have a battering husband. Same as race prejudice. Here are a lot of fellows who belong to a race minding their own business and being as good as gold and not letting butter melt in their mouths, and bugger me if a gang of prejudiced chaps don't rush up and start discriminating against them. Frightfully unfair."

Such examples of "verbal aggression"—the sort of thing that, before the full flowering of contemporary consciousness, used to be known as *humor*—remind me that a year ago there were assertions that *Stanley and the Women*, though successfully published in Britain, had been suppressed in some American publishing houses by feminist editors. Whether that was indeed the

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

While it is impossible to overestimate the lunacy of "revolutionary" Christians, still there may be some (a bit long in the tooth, perhaps) who look back with something like embarrassment on such figures of the past as Hewlett Jonnson, the "Red Dean" of Canterbury, who praised Josef Stalin as a leader who was taking "his people down new and unfamiliar avenues of democracy." Perhaps, forty years from now, there will be a bedraggled, disillusioned remnant of today's Christian supporters of the Sandinista Marxist-Leninist cadre in Nicaragua who will remember, at least with embarrassment if not with actual shame, their distressingly naïve defense of criminal totalitarianism masquerading as Christian democracy.

Humberto Belli, author of *Breaking Faith: The Sandinista Revolution and Its Impact on Freedom and Christian Faith in Nicaragua* (The Puebla Institute, Crossways Books/Good News Publishers, Westchester, Ill. 60153; $8.95), is a Nicaraguan lawyer, sociologist, and journalist, who was active for some years in the Sandinista movement until he resigned (if that is the word) in 1975, becoming a convert to Christianity two years later and, three years after that, editorial-page editor of *La Prensa*, an independent newspaper in Managua devoted to, as he says, "the goal of presenting a daily Christian perspective on the important events we were living through." Two years later the Sandinistas imposed total press censorship on Nicaragua, and Belli left the country for the United States, "primarily to help Christians outside Nicaragua understand the religious dimension of recent events there." Since then, using the Puebla Institute in Garden City, Michigan, as his base of operations, he has written two books (the first, *Nicaragua: Christians under Fire*, was published by Puebla in 1984 and reviewed in this space) and in other ways established himself as perhaps the chief expatriate bearer of witness to the fate of Christianity (and other things) in his native land. He explains: "My aim in communicating about Nicaragua has not been to influence the foreign policy of the United States or other countries. Important as it is for citizens of other nations to take responsibility for their nations' policies in Nicaragua, my attention has been elsewhere."

Almost from the moment the junta seized power from the fleeing Somozas, a theme much heard in Christian circles (and elsewhere) was that the Sandinistas represented the party, not of Marxism-Leninism, but of enlightened nationalism: that their way is neither socialism nor capitalism but a "third way," the way of "humanitarian socialism." Ron Sider, the left-wing Christian journalist and author, wrote: "If the Sandinistas intend eventually to promote totalitarianism, atheistic Marxist-Leninism, then they are proceeding in an unusual way. A number of Christians are in government posts crucial for ideological indoctrination."

True enough, if he had thought to place the word "Christians" in quotation marks. Belli distinguishes between three categories of contemporary Nicaraguan Christians: the conservative, who does not believe in confusing religion with reformist politics; the progressive, typified (one should perhaps say exemplified) by Miguel Obando y Bravo, the mulatto cardinal of Managua, who emphasizes the importance of fostering social justice from the perspective of the Catholic Church's teachings on the subject; and the revolutionary, whose idea of being a Christian is consonant with the following statement: "For me there is no Christian who is not a revolutionary. . . . If somebody tells me that some priest is a good Christian and that he does not love the revolution and does not understand it, for me he is not a Christian; he is the opposite."

With a cleverness that would seem obvious if it were not for the fact that so few people (outside Nicaragua) appear to have noticed anything amiss, the Sandinista government has in fact created a situation in which *two* Christianities exist within the country: the government's ("the people's") and the people's ("the bourgeois hierarchy's"). It is a lot like the movie in which alien usurpers fabricate pseudo-people to prey upon, and eventually replace, the genuine ones; it is also of a piece with the greater Sandinista scenario by which, in accordance with the purest Marxist-Leninist theory, vestiges of traditional (read: "human") society will be tolerated during a "transitional period," following which they will be effectively annihilated as the revolution slips into third gear. Humberto Belli (who should know, after all; he was there) argues that from the beginning the Sandinistas, far from being intent upon a "third way" (whatever *that* might be), have kept the Soviet Union and its satrapies in mind as models, and are speeding toward their goal, driving forward on a collision course with the no-longer-unsuspecting citizenry in general and the huge Christian majority in particular.

For which, Belli reminds us, the Pauline understanding of the Church as the body of Christ points to a responsibility of all Christians: "If one member suffers, all suffer together; if one member is honored, all rejoice together." Yes, Brother Sider, there *is* religious persecution in Daniel Ortega's Nicaragua. But it is only just beginning. □

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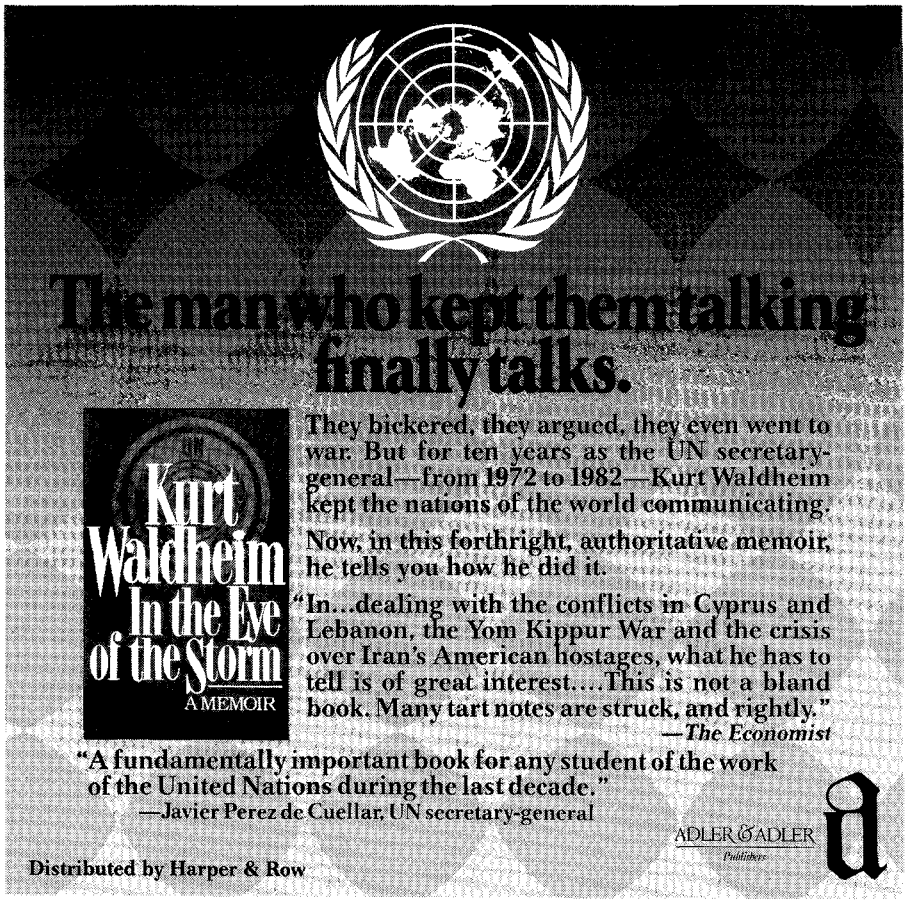
case, I don't know. *Se non è vero, è molto ben trovato.* Mr. Amis's gleeful and effective savagings of absurdity were bound to boomerang, sooner or later.

But no one should be offended by this highly unstable text. A careful reader will notice, in this mad examination of madness, that a doctor says, "The rewards for being sane may not be very many but knowing what's funny is one of them."

Stanley and the Women reminds me that Clive James once referred to its author as "Kingsley Kong." It also reminds me that its author once wrote a heartfelt tribute to Fielding in *I Like It Here* (1958). In the tradition that stretches back through Waugh, through Dickens and Surtees, Smollett and Fielding, and on back to Cervantes, Kingsley Amis has made a place for himself. □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THE POLITICIZATION OF AIDS

D. Keith Mano

IT IS utter hypocrisy to tell hundreds of thousands of addicted sisters and brothers not to share needles, especially at a time when treatment centers are being closed. And police terror against people who are strung out is on the rise to make way for gentrification." Wouldn't you know: AIDS is just another real-estate scam. That was Diane Feinberg demagoguing it (in her estrogen-less baritone voice). Diane is a lesbian activist, who has written on the political manipulation behind Big A. "Gay men, the people of Africa, and Haitian people," according to this People's Anti-War Mobilization brochure, "are not responsible for the crisis. Nor are I.V. drug users. It is the callous Reagan Administration that is responsible." Dutch, I guess, finally managed to get something substantial out of committee.

AIDS has become the vector, not just for opportunistic disease, but for opportunistic political humbug as well. Shall we get frank about it: conservative spokespeople have not been totally honorable in this precinct. If gloating made a sound, you'd hear a low

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rumble on the horizon now. There are men and women who consider AIDS to be overdue slum-clearance work. Imagine a gadget that can decimate both the gay and the drug-abuse populations at once. On top of that, the HTLV III virus did apparently seep from Africa: which doesn't improve public acceptance for blacks, Haitian blacks in particular. There is this whole bunkerful of *Schadenfreude* going around: it doesn't have a winsome scent. God did take out Sodom and Gomorrah, but, in general, His wrath will be of the afterworldly, not the viral, sort. Conservative righteousness about AIDS is uncharitable and, well, just plain bush.

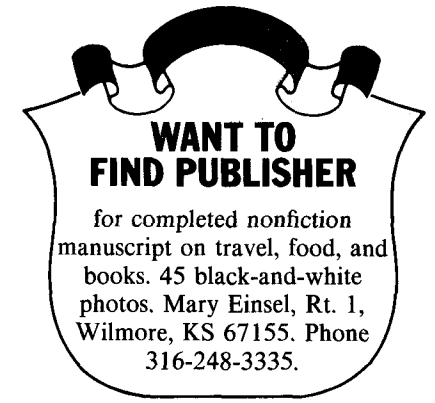
And here, at Washington Square Methodist Church, the bottom-feeding Left has set up its own political enterprise zone. HEALTHCARE NOT WARFARE. On the dais there are: a high-school girl, an anti-apartheid organizer, a lesbian, a black lesbian, a PWA (person with AIDS), and a trade-union rep. The Left has been so hashed of late that, like some stereo system, it is put together with components. SAY NO TO BIG MEDIA HYSTERIA. People's Anti-War Mobilization has seen Big A as a fear issue that might just elbow the whole gay constituency leftward. Notable achievement that: gays, despite their sexual backspin, aren't uniformly liberal by a long toss. The scrotum doesn't destroy the brain. Moreover, a cure will cost moon-shot money, and guess where PAM people think that windfall should metastasize from? "Shut down military spending, not gay gathering places." Tonight PAM will demand one billion flat from the defense budget.

AIDS death is an ungenerous and, yes, boring transaction: might as well get nickel-and-dimed by some dull extortionist. Artie Felson has been plodding away at it. He huddles behind the dais table now, in a separate, distant winter, wool ski cap and sweater on. Once or twice he will slump sideward and, patiently, reseat himself. HTLV III made Felson a host for Kaposi's sarcoma: last week the cancer began moving again. He seems to have been sucked of marrow: there is ghostly hovering about him. And I remember Annie Dillard's description of the frog taken by a giant water bug. ". . . he slowly crumpled and began to sag. The spirit vanished from his eyes as if snuffed. His skin emptied and drooped; his very skull seemed to collapse and settle like a kicked tent. I watched the taut, glistening skin on his shoulders ruck and rumple and fall. Soon, part of his skin, formless as a pricked balloon, lay in floating folds like bright scum on top of the water: it was a monstrous and terrifying thing." Yet AIDS, so much slower, is worse: a skinflint death. And a brusque notice of excommunication.

If not the virus, then fear, certainly, is airborne now. Felson's rabbi, under congregational pressure, asked him to worship God elsewhere, please. "Channel 4 broadcast a report. It said that if you're in the same household as a person with AIDS, you will come down with the disease. I reassured my lover that this wasn't so. But two days later he committed suicide." There is merit to the argument (made by Miss Feinberg) that public revulsion and a threat of quarantine will drive Big A underground. Fourteen thousand cases have been reported in America. I'd estimate that at least seventy thousand have not. Even prestigious New York hospitals are known to rewrite a PWA's death certificate at the request of kin. The press is just as strangely scrupulous. They'll interview some prominent person known to have AIDS and call it cancer: first time, I suppose, that "cancer" has been a euphemism. The question perplexes. We have a grim epidemic. As in the case of VD, I would assume, those who have had intercourse with X ought to be sought and informed. Yet disclosure is social annihilation. When should the right to know supersede the right to privacy?

They're correct, nonetheless: homophobia is foraging around. I smell it, I understand it. They're different from us: more, they're often powerful and aloof. And now, contagious as well. With alienation will come a deluding sense of righteousness. The Left has begun to deposit ova in that nutritious womb wall. Not once at Washington Square was promiscuous gay behavior reproved. "It's the gay community that should decide what to do about the baths, not the government." Sure: a state-appointed sex inspector is abhorrent and ridiculous. Yet temperate gay spokesmen didn't demonstrate against the baths. HTLV III, somehow, has infected them with a kamikaze anger, too. One doctor I know has ten PWA in his care. Just three have told their long-term lovers about it.

Yet, through the rumble of gloating, let me conjecture this. Suppose the disease had spread first in the heterosexual population here? Male-female transmission, remember, is most prevalent in Africa. After half one decade of incubation we might now be engaging an epidemic that would threaten all civil life. It is conceivable that gays, albeit unwittingly, have deflected the ultimate plague. □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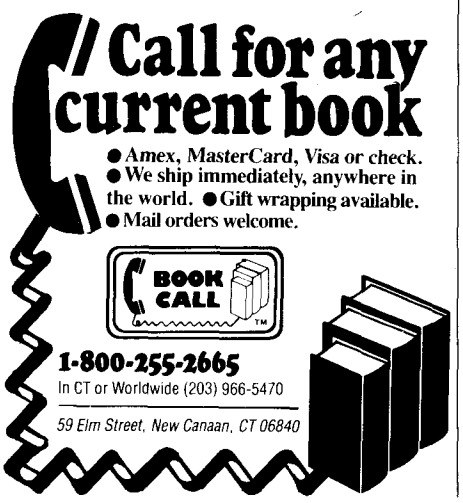
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Selected Notebooks: 1960–1967, by James Gould Cozzens, edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli (Bruccoli Clark, 104 pp., $12)

MATTHEW BRUCCOLI'S 1983 biography *James Gould Cozzens: A Life Apart* contained a lengthy appendix of excerpts from a set of notebooks Cozzens began keeping three years after the publication of *By Love Possessed.* These blunt and unguarded journal entries revealed the real Cozzens—stoic, sardonic, full of unfashionable social and literary prejudices—with exception-

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al vividness, and it isn't surprising that Bruccoli received numerous requests to edit a more extensive selection from Cozzens's notebooks for publication. *Selected Notebooks: 1960-1967*, a hundred-page volume containing "most of the entries dealing with the practice of literature," is the result; anyone at all interested in the life and work of this country's most underrated novelist will find it endlessly intriguing. No great surprises, though; after all, it isn't very hard to deduce the Cozzens view of literature, modern and otherwise, from the deeply conservative philosophy that informs his fiction. (Well, there's one surprise, anyway: Cozzens admired Mary McCarthy.) Still, it's a pleasure to hear the acid voice of Julius Penrose—for that is what we hear throughout this slender volume—railing splendidly against Joyce, Proust, & Mann, Inc., advancing the lost critical cause of Somerset Maugham, and skewering distinguished contemporaries like Faulkner and Hemingway with an acuteness made possible by a mature, confident dogmatism. There is no index, an oversight hardly expected from an editor who is normally so omnicompetent as Mr. Bruccoli; one would also like to see at least a few of those unpublished entries "in which Cozzens commented on the news or quarreled with religious activities." But very fine all the same.

TERRY TEACHOUT

TOLEDANO

(Continued from page 42)

Let me interject. I have been to the Soviet Union three times. You can tell the brutalitarian state not by sight, not by the study of statistics, but by smell. It reaches your nostrils even in the fancy hotels for visiting foreigners in Leningrad and Moscow. In Korea, the olfactories are not assaulted by the smell because the people are too busy making themselves prosperous in a free-market economy. You can smell the *kimchi* (a sort of fermented cabbage, the national dish); but that is an honest and healthy stink.

The real story in South Korea is economic. Since 1962, Korea's gross national product (in constant dollars) has quadrupled to $81 billion, and its per-capita GNP is more than $2,000—not as high as Taiwan's but rapidly approaching it. The manufacturing share of the GNP was 14 per cent but has doubled to almost 28 per cent. Korean exports have risen from $54 *m*illion to some $23 *b*illion. Employment has also doubled, and unemployment is down to 4 per cent. The proportion of people living below the "poverty line"—whatever that may mean—has fallen to 9 per cent, from 45 per cent. And savings, critical in an industrializing country, have jumped from 3 per cent to 25 per cent. Korean politicians and businessmen worry about growing protectionist sentiment in the United States. They worry particularly that U.S. resentment of Japan—which has much more restrictive trade policies than the ROK—will wash over Korea as well. Yet Korean *imports* from the U.S. have risen from a little more than $200 million in 1962 to $7 billion last year.

Another 'Miracle'

THE TREMENDOUS upsurge of the South Korean economy began back when Park Chung Hee turned away from the self-defeating import-substitution policies of Syngman Rhee and looked outward to the world market, where Korea's principal resource, a plentiful labor supply, could be utilized. Park realized, as the Republic of China had before him, that import substitution could not support a country with almost no natural resources and a small domestic market. But for Korea to compete in the world market, "planning" and regulation had to be minimized, taxes had to be lowered, restrictions on imports removed, and foreign investment welcomed.

Runaway oil prices and the growing world recession led Park to an unwise retreat from these policies. But under President Chun, South Korea resumed the course of systematically eliminating government control of the economy. Chun not only reformed the tax structure but reduced taxes to 19.5 per cent of the GNP. (It is 27 per cent in Japan and over 35 per cent in the United States.) Some 85 per cent of the import restrictions that had been thrown up in restraint of free trade were removed.

These reforms have unleashed the energies of a remarkably hard-working people. (South Korea has a 48-hour work week.) Though spending on social services matched the 6 per cent for defense, much of that spending has gone to education, giving the country a growing pool of skilled labor that is at ease in a developing technology. Income inequality has been reduced and upward mobility has propelled small businessmen and wage earners into the ranks of heads of billion-dollar industries.

The rate of economic growth—6.3 per cent in 1981, 5.6 per cent in 1982, 9.3 in 1983, 7.5 in 1984, and an estimated 7.5 in 1985—has manifested itself in both the quantity and the quality of the ROK's industrial product. The industrial plant is spankingly modern. Seoul has become a high-rise and bustling city, its shops overflowing with goods and shoppers. The signs of political unrest are limited to students—but when have students ever slept well? In short, South Korea is moving into the top ranks of the NICs—the newly industrialized countries—and is already giving Japan a headache.

This, of course, does not mean that Korea has no problems. President Chun retires in 1988. Kim Dae Jung would reimpose a statist straitjacket on the economy. Will Chun's successor follow his lead or Kim's? Weigh the imponderables against the cautious optimism of the Koreans. The equation is a tricky one. □

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HELP SAVIMBI?

NEW YORK, JAN. 24

We have all been made familiar with the problem of South Africa, but there is also the matter of southern Africa, and that means Namibia, Mozambique, and Angola, the last being the most conspicuous because Congress has not yet decided what to do: help Savimbi, or not help Savimbi.

Jonas Savimbi (the leader of UNITA), you will recall, is the Angolan equivalent of the *Contras* in Nicaragua. For years he fought for independence from Portugal, pursuing democratic government and civil liberties. And then, at the moment of victory in 1975, the coup d'état happened. This was a Marxist-Leninist operation made possible by Cuban soldiers, who continue to reside in Angola, approximately 35,000 of them. There is a nice piquancy here, by the way: Cuba charges the government of Angola $1,000 per month per soldier. How on earth does little Angola get that kind of dough? Courtesy of an American oil company, a subsidiary of Chevron, which is busy pulling oil out of offshore beds, netting $800 million per year for the Angolan Communists. The arms the government (the MPLA) receives are courtesy of Moscow, but it needs other income to stay alive. Angola, which used to export grain, has become another workers' paradise: There isn't enough to eat, and it needs therefore to import grain.

Savimbi's position is different from that of the *Contras*, who fought for their independence and civil rights, losing them to the Sandinistas at the moment of victory over Somoza. Because although the *Contras* don't hold down substantial parts of Nicaragua, Savimbi is very much in control of 30 per cent of Angola, where he runs schools, and even hospitals. And who has made possible Savimbi's survival? South Africa. Opponents of aid to Savimbi stress that such a thing would contaminate us, because South Africa and the U.S. would then be partners in the same enterprise. Having touched pitch, we would ever after be defiled.

This is an argument we never did hear, not even retroactively, when we joined hands with Josef Stalin to fight Hitler, but it rests these days on mischievous presumptions that don't have an analogy in the Second World War. We are being told that if indeed our goal is to keep southern Africa from Communization, then we must recognize that collaboration with the apartheid government of South Africa in the matter of Angola would so antagonize the black population of South Africa as—to drive it into the arms of the Communists.

Two observations become relevant. The first is that in helping Savimbi fight the Marxists in Angola, South Africa is not engaging, so to speak, in exporting apartheid. Whatever one thinks of South Africa's government, there can hardly be any dispute over its anxiety to help anti-Communist forces in surrounding areas. If tomorrow South Africa became an all-black country, no one in Washington would dispute the wisdom of its government's supporting Savimbi in his effort to knock out the Cubans who squat down in Luanda with the indigenous Communists. In short, what is good for any government in South Africa is the success of Savimbi.

The argument that we stand to lose the good will of black South Africans requires us to be prepared to say to such folk: If you gentlemen don't understand that fraternal opposition to Communism is an enterprise philanthropic in character, then you simply do not know enough to formulate foreign policy . . . We see the same questions beginning to arise in the Philippines. If we help Marcos in his war against the Communist insurgents, we will lose the good will of the Philippine people. It is continually astonishing that we worry so much about the good opinion of mankind while losing that good opinion, as witness vote after vote in the United Nations in which the Third World, or much of it, sides with the totalitarians. And all the while the Soviet Union cares not a fig for public opinion—and is lionized all over the world.

"Do not underestimate the importance of your decision," Jonas Savimbi writes in the current issue of *Policy Review*. "For Angola is the Munich of Africa. Hesitation, the refusal to aid UNITA in its fight against the Cubans and Soviets, will be taken as a signal by all the countries in the region that the United States has abandoned them to the Soviets as the West abandoned Czechoslovakia and Eastern Europe to Hitler in 1938. Do not suppose that Zaire, Zambia, Botswana, and Namibia will remain of the West when faced with an unopposed base in Angola." Enough said. □

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CUOMOITIS

NEW YORK, JAN. 31

Mario Cuomo, governor of New York, seems to be saying that there is so much anti-Italian prejudice in America he has no choice but to contend with it by running for President and getting elected. Oh yes, and if he runs for President and isn't elected, why that means he was right the whole time, there's a huge anti-Italian prejudice out there.

It's an odd thing to talk about anti-Italian prejudice in the most influential state of the Union, in which the governor is of Italian descent and a Democrat, and one of the two senators is of Italian descent and a Republican. The second senator is of Irish descent.

Ah, Mario would say, but New York is different. To which observation the balance of the country would no doubt say, Thank God. But in fact New York State is two demographic realities, New York City, and upstate. And Mr. Cuomo did well in both regions. If he were nominated for President by the Democratic Party the following is a pretty safe bet, namely that more voters would vote for him merely because he is

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of Italian descent than would vote against him because he is of Italian descent.

Mario Cuomo's sensitivity is something of a phenomenon. Sensitivity is in many respects an admirable human trait, but it can paralyze one's judgment. A fine example of this is the now-famous statement by Mr. Cuomo that there is no such thing as the Mafia. To suggest that there is, is to engage in anti-Italian defamation. Presumably all those people who shoot each other and get electrocuted simply adopted Italian names to confuse us. Mr. Cuomo sometimes seems to be implying that to concede the existence of a Mafia, membership in which is predominantly Italian-American, is the same thing as suggesting that all Italian-Americans are members of the Mafia.

His hypersensitivity causes the governor to make gross gestures every now and then. Joseph Sobran, the syndicated columnist, stoutly defended last spring President Reagan's decision to go to the cemetery at Bitburg. This defense caused a cartoonist in Albany to depict Sobran in a Nazi uniform, a vile act of polemical aggression. Because Governor Cuomo had smelled anti-Italian prejudice in one of Sobran's columns, he sat down at his desk and wrote a letter to the editor congratulating the cartoonist. Last week, after Governor Cuomo had courageously recommended clemency for a thoroughly reformed convict who has served 18 years for a crime he might well not even have committed, the governor ran into protestors, one of whom carried a banner, "Kill a Cop, Get Paroled by the Wop." One hopes no public official will think to write a letter to that protestor congratulating him on his eloquence.

"His is a classic case of St. Mario's paranoia," commented Roger Ailes, the bright Republican media consultant. "I think he's quite a disturbed man. It's beyond being thin-skinned. He always has to invent a moral crusade to justify his out-of-control ambition to be President. We're all heathens and his job on earth is to save us, and that's what he's doing here."

One hopes Mr. Cuomo will not now accuse Mr. Ailes of anti-Italian prejudice. If he does, he will need simultaneously to account for the fact that Mr. Ailes is right now managing the re-election campaign of Senator Alfonse D'Amato, who is not a member of the Mafia, who supported President Reagan's visit to Bitburg but is not pro-Nazi. All these things need to get said nowadays if the mere mention of the Mafia as primarily an Italian-American organization induces the governor to tell you a) the Mafia doesn't exist, and anyway b) it isn't primarily Italian-American.

Granted, it is easy to be called a racist. Such black leaders as Benjamin Hooks and Jesse Jackson regularly say it of the President of the United States. At a trial a few weeks ago, a cuckoo lawyer turned to me and asked darkly whether in using the term "a white lie" I had intended anti-black insinuations. One can't deny that there is ethnic prejudice, but it tends, in America, more and more to manifest itself fraternally, rather than inimically. More Italians, as I have suggested, tend to vote for the Italian candidate than Irish or Jews or Hispanics tend to vote against a candidate because of his Italian ancestry. If Mr. Cuomo runs for President, I shall pray that he will be defeated, but in doing so I shall conceal from Providence the knowledge that he is an Italian-American. God's anti-Italianism, as we know, has reached such extremes that He had to go all the way to Poland to find a Pope. □

FASCISM A LA MODE

NEW YORK, JAN. 29

THE TERM fascist is too loosely used, and for indefensible reasons tends to be confined to descriptions of heavy-handed activity by governments deemed "right wing." Thus Pinochet's government is fascist, as also Stroessner's, but Qaddafi's and the Ayatollah's are something else, because of their loose psychological identification with populism. Which brings up the subject of labor unions and the lazy public acceptance of muscle power prevailing over human rights. One might reasonably stretch the term fascistic to describe a kind of martial rigidity more appropriate to plebe year at West Point than to an open society of confident and mature people.

The paralysis of Austin, Minnesota, is principally before the public eye. There the Hormel meat-packing plant struggles to stay alive. By all reports it is highly automated and efficiently managed. But it has been losing money, so that the alternatives became clear. Either shut the plant down, or reduce the overhead. This means reducing hourly wages and benefits, and the announcement last August that this would be done caused the strike (opposed, by the way, by the parent union of the United Food and Commercial Workers).

A strike is a conventional means of consolidating opposition to decisions taken by management. But a strike has got to respect the rights of others, and in Austin, strikers are physically threatening both outsiders who seek to accept employment with Hormel and members of the local who would rather accept Hormel's wages than continue unemployed.

It is, of course, a very old story. During the newspaper strikes in New York City, which is the capital of labor-union militancy, to distribute those newspapers that actually got printed was to take one's life in one's hands. Tires were slashed, trucks burnt up, threats issued. The local in Austin has called on the labor movement throughout the country to back its strike: concretely, to send the strikers money to make it possible for them to continue not to work for a living, and to boycott Hormel products manufactured in other plants. If this were to succeed, then workers at one plant would be doing their very best to inflict economic damage on fellow workers in other plants.

Meanwhile, Eastern Airlines announces that one out of seven flight attendants will be dismissed, and those who are not will need to put in longer days. The news was (quite understandably) met with rue—by conscientious and hardworking men and women who find it difficult to understand why suddenly their material welfare should be reduced. The answer to that question is very simple: People Express Airlines will fly you from New York to Columbia, South Carolina, for about fifty bucks. Eastern has been charging, for the same flight, over $200. Are we supposed to get mad at People Express Airlines for providing cheaper fares? One should pause before taking offense at the workings of automation and efficient management. I have heard it calculated that if the methods of telephone transmission of the 1930s were in use today, in order to accommodate today's telephone traffic the telephone companies would need to hire every working woman between the ages of 21 and sixty.

BUT IT ISN'T only irrational and brutalitarian practices that offend. There are the delicacies. Those who were there insist that a performance of Verdi's *Requiem* at Carnegie Hall a couple of Sundays back was memorable. We will never know, because the labor unions don't permit even archival recordings, never mind that the cost is trivial.

And last week I learned about a routine incident in San José, California. The symphony orchestra was rehearsing with Peter Serkin the first piano concerto of Brahms. At exactly ten o'clock, exactly ten measures—the climactic few bars of music—were left to be played. But a lady—the shop stewardess—playing the French horn or whatever stood: and the whole orchestra stopped dead, as if Stalin or Hitler had entered the room, commanding silence. You see, if the music had gone thirty seconds over the hour, the union would have charged a billion dollars or whatever, and of course the orchestra association doesn't have the extra billion. And so the musicians themselves suffered the psychological rupture: coitus interruptus musicalis. Peter Serkin's frustration was allayed by playing a half-dozen improvised notes easing the harmony into resolution. I hope they won't drop him into the East River in a sack of cement for this offense. As I say, some dare call this kind of thing fascistic. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

AMBROSE BIERCE:

Kangaroo and Zebra

A Kangaroo . . . with some bulky object concealed in her pouch met a Zebra and . . . said: "Your costume looks as if you might have come out of the penitentiary." "Appearances are deceitful," replied the Zebra, . . . "or I should have to think that you had come out of the Legislature."

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ENTREPRENEURS and established firms wishing to expand to Canada can obtain expert advice from experienced government-relations consultant. William Kennaley, M.B.A., 47 King Street West, Suite 606, Kitchener, Ontario N2G 1A2. 519-743-3463.

Real Estate

BAY MINETTE, ALABAMA. 900 acres industrial land on Tensaw River. 205-342-8497. 205-937-9425.

12½-ACRE EQUESTRIAN PROPERTY with barns, arenas, houses, paddocks, etc. Now boarding 130 horses. Ideal for shows and training. Excellent location, Southern California. Write NR Box 4219.

A VERY COMFORTABLE APARTMENT, 3 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Delightful kitchen, fully equipped, & laundry. View across Loblolly Bay marina with glimpse of ocean beyond. Call 9–5, 305-546-3660, or write Loblolly Bay, 8000 S.E. Little Harbour Drive, Hobe Sound, Fla. 33455. Broker.

Vacation

HARKEN TO THE WAVES calling. Quiet oceanside triplex—2 bedrooms, 2½ bathrooms, garage, and pool. New Smyrna (endless) Beach, just north of Cape Canaveral. A short walk to the Catholic Church. As a reward for righteousness, deduct your year's subscription to *NR* from each month's rent! Call 904-427-5221.

MONTANA HUNT. Trophy animals, 18,000-acre private ranch, near Yellowstone Park. Mike Story, Story Cattle Co. & Outfitters, Emigrant, Mont. 59027. 406-333-4739.

SKI ASPEN—Spacious, sunny 3-bedroom, 2½-bath chalet. Sleeps 6. Caretaker, fireplace, laundry, garage, sauna. Call 217-222-9389.

Literary

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P.O. Box 1324NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

ATTRACTIVE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA woman attorney, 36, orthodox Catholic. Enjoys outdoors, countryside, good conversation, and exploring San Francisco. Seeks intelligent, Catholic, Northern California professional man, 33–44, who is kind, stable, widower or bachelor. Write NR Box 4242.

SINGLE WHITE FEMALE, 30+, non-slender but most "bodacious" and attractive, with glorious red hair, spiritual, healthy, loves reading, animals, old movies; fairly sane; solvent. Wishes to meet nice NYC man of financial accomplishment, for companionship. Box 1899, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016.

ORIENTAL WOMAN, 28. Classical musician. Sensitive, intelligent, attractive. Enjoys ballet, poetry, tennis, learning, exploring feelings. Seeks compatible man, NYC. Write NR Box 4249.

PUGET SOUND MAN, 40s, considered very personable, seeks rare and precious *NR*-enjoying Christian lady. Object is sharing world view, mountaineering, sailing, ocean kayaking. Write NR Box 4243.

YOUNG LADY: Are you intelligent, adventurous, compassionate, and romantic? I too! 29-year-old white male, modern-day explorer, requires assistance. Interests: art, religion, people, politics. Write NR Box 4244.

MORK FROM NEW YORK, 37, seeks Mindy from The Windy who will delight in adding "s's" to our lives: sailing, sunrise, strophe, and symphonie ___. Write NR Box 4246.

CONNECTICUT WOMAN, college-educated, divorced, 42, who enjoys music, golf, bridge, skiing, would like to meet a professional divorced or single gentleman, white, non-smoker, who shares same or similar interests and is a person who is capable of letting a relationship deepen and grow. Write NR Box 4202.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST MAN, 27, seeks woman 25–35, not afraid of sharing kindness and compassion. Interests include traveling to new places, experiencing new things, and meeting new people. I play guitar, write songs, enjoy warm fireplaces and interesting conversation. If you are someone special but no one seems to notice, maybe I'm for you. Write NR Box 4231.

ARIZONA ENGINEER, 33. Current interests include: bicycling, skiing, *The American Spectator*. Would like to meet an athletic, intelligent woman who doesn't use tobacco. Write NR Box 4238.

ATTRACTIVE CONNECTICUT professional lady, 60, loves reading, movies, dining out, seeking educated, healthy gentleman 60–68, honest, no heavy drinkers. Write NR Box 4218.

SAN FRANCISCO conservative, sensitive, caring man, late 40s, attractive, athletic, pilot, seeks petite lady, 28–42, charming, music lover, non-smoker, caring. Write NR Box 4221.

QUICK-WITTED, attractive, NYC woman, 33. Values directness, friendship, flexibility. Enjoys reading, films, conversation, rock 'n' roll. A reply, and we'll talk. Write NR Box 4235.

INDIANAPOLIS WIDOWER still working at own business as professional tax accountant at 71. 6'3", 190 lbs., high moral values, Mason, Scottish Rite, Shriner, regular Protestant churchgoer, active, gentle, solvent, sober, non-smoker, good sense of humor. Likes ballroom dancing, big bands, live theater, fine dining, travel, walking, *NR*. Seeks active, mature, good-natured, gentle lady of fairly similar tastes for companionship. Write NR Box 4222.

LESS-THAN-PERFECT Midwest gentleman interested in communicating with less-than-perfect females. Interests varied: politics, writing, travel, finance. Write NR Box 4105.

HANDSOME CATHOLIC WIDOWER, 55, tall, well-built, with Manhattan and country homes, seeks traditional, slim, very attractive counterpart to 45 years. No reply without photo. Box 1358, New York, N.Y. 10159.

SITUATION: Incarcerated for 5 years, but due to be released very soon. I'm 29, single, handsome, very romantic, and have my own business. Seeking emotionally secure lady who knows the meaning of appreciation. Write NR Box 4239.

GENTLEPEOPLE LTD. Gentlepeople is an organization for accomplished, cultured single professionals looking for a dignified way to find the right person. We make considered personal introductions and hold social events for members. Our record of success is outstanding. Call 212-319-3100.

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Miscellaneous

NEW YORK BABY-SAVING CENTER needs pro-life counselors and volunteers. Expectant moms and their unborn infants depend on us. Send brief bio to NR Box 4224.

$10–$360 WEEKLY AND UP, mailing circulars! No quotas. Sincerely interested, rush stamped envelope: National Mailing, Box 20728-NR3, San Diego, Calif. 92120.

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GOD LOVES HIS INFIRM and elderly priests who gave their lives for you. For more information write Fr. Wm. Armstrong, S.J., 1107 Astor, Spokane, Wash. 99202.

THANK Sacred Heart of Jesus and St. Jude for favors received. J.N-C. for T.J.R.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Colorful Wyoming locale — 123 142 179 183 46 158 26 99 86 5 / 66

B. Large African herbivore — 29 67 114 172 146 76 104 88 168 128 / 12 44

C. Famous — 28 144 122 58 97 110 157 43 176 8

D. The Dardanelles, formerly — 72 103 160 118 92 162 82 11 31 57

E. Distasteful — 178 61 4 18 94 141 150 81 40 25 / 133 166

F. Abode of the Greek gods — 20 95 55 33 105 167 65

G. Tapestry work — 121 135 90 35 17 2 102 69 159 156 / 49

H. Forsworn form of warfare (except in Afghanistan) — 134 89 173 22 42 152 64 106

I. Last name in the development of the H-bomb — 120 45 91 73 24 154 16 39 59 107 / 130

J. Chews — 145 138 54 71 155 19 6 124 41 85

K. Seaport in Yemen — 21 181 80 112 149

L. Sincere — 23 79 174 139 177 36 51 68 127 170

M. Massachusetts seaport — 70 126 1 63 96 14 164 109 182 143

N. Doomed (hyphenated) — 151 53 13 137 32 111 84 62

O. Mockery — 56 153 136 87 108 75 37 98

P. Trinity — 27 125 77 132 113

Q. Site of the University of North Carolina — 175 100 171 117 129 83 10 30 161 47

R. Tormentor — 15 60 148 169 34 180 119 140

S. Chilly period, geologically speaking (2 words) — 78 3 165 52 131 115

T. Commotions — 38 116 50 74 101 9

U. Pertaining to a handsome young Greek — 163 184 93 7 48 147

1 M	2 G		3 S	4 E	5 A		6 J	7 U	8 C		9 T	10 Q	11 D	12 B	13 N	
14 M		15 R	16 I	17 G	18 E		19 J	20 F	21 K	22 H	23 L	24 I	25 E	26 A	27 P	
	28 C	29 B	30 Q	31 D	32 N		33 F	34 R	35 G	36 L	37 O	38 T	39 I	40 E	41 J	
	42 H	43 C	44 B		45 I	46 A	47 Q	48 U	49 G	50 T	51 L	52 S	53 N		54 J	
55 F	56 O	57 D	58 C	59 I		60 R	61 E	62 N		63 M	64 H	65 F	66 A		67 B	
68 L		69 G	70 M		71 J	72 D	73 I	74 T	75 O		76 B	77 P	78 S	79 L	80 K	
81 E	82 D	83 Q	84 N	85 J		86 A	87 O		88 B	89 H	90 G		91 I	92 D	93 U	
94 E	95 F	96 M		97 C	98 O		99 A	100Q	101T		102G	103D	104B	105F	106H	
107I		108O	109M	110C		111N	112K	113P		114B	115S	116T	117Q	118D	119R	
	120I	121G	122C	123A		124J	125P	126M		127L	128B	129Q	130I	131S	132P	
133E	134H	135G		136O	137N		138J		139L	140R	141E	142A		143M	144C	
145J	146B	147U	148R	149K	150E	151N	152H		153O	154I	155J	156G	157C		158A	
159G	160D	161Q		162D	163U	164M	165S	166E	167F	168B	169R	170L		171Q		
172B	173H	174L	175Q	176C	177L	178E	179A		180R	181K	182M	183A	184U			

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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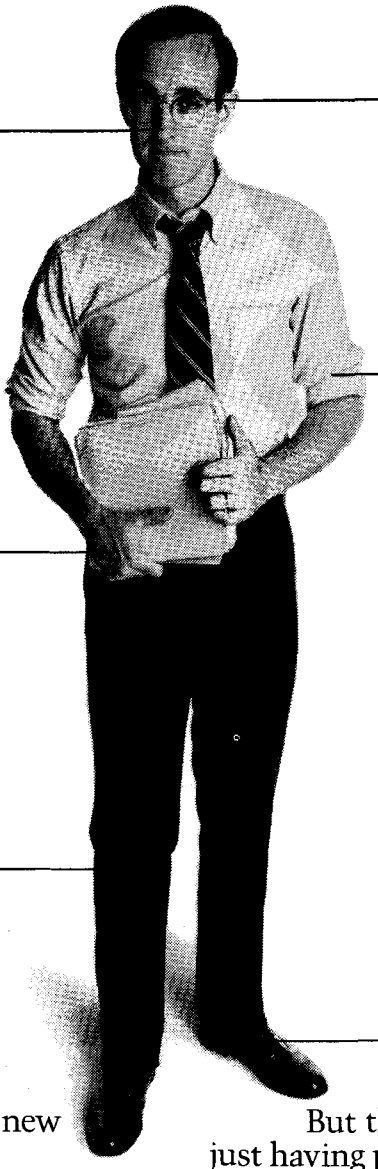
HOW TO BE A BANK EXAMINER.



Follow a nose that can sniff out the best deal.

Look for eyes that see the big picture, without losing sight of small details.

Do the sleeves roll up?

Hold out for hands-on experience.

Check for reflexes that can jump at unexpected opportunities.

Size up the feet. Can he stay a step ahead of the crowd?

When you're looking for a new bank, examine its people.

Because you know a bank by the people who call on you.

At Canadian Imperial Bank Group, our account officers stand up to this test every deal they do.

Most have a minimum of 5 years hands-on experience. Many have more. So they know their business.

And equally important is that they've had a lot of experience with local industry. So they know your business.

But there's more to a good bank than just having people with the right qualities. It's knowing how to use them.

Like pouncing on a fixed rate at the right time.

Or sensing a drop-out in a shared credit soon enough to jump in.

Once you become a bank examiner, you'll see why Canadian Imperial Bank is one of the 10 largest banks in North America.

When it comes to choosing a bank for your corporate needs, examine the choices.

And see how we pass the test.

PUT US TO THE TEST.

Canadian Imperial Bank Group

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